

A Suicide.
Judge not! 'Tis past thy ken;
Strangely the web of destiny is ordered;
In highest-natured men
The loftiest wit with depths of madness bordered!
Judge not! The taper's light
Is too small measure for volcanoes' burning;
This constant, feebly bright,
That sadden, with wild flame, all barriers spurn-
ing.
Judge not! Beyond the grave
We shall know better the immense, great trial;
This man submit, a slave;
The other fights, and dies, in fierce denial.
But He who views the strife,
Calm, from without, more wise than those with-
in it,
Counts the long "Yes" of life,
Not the one "No," the single faithless minute.
—Spectator.

THE DONATION PARTY.
MISS MELISSA'S STORY.

"Of course we can't give our minister much of a salary, you know, Miss Harwood; but we've always calculated to get a man whose heart wasn't set on filthy lucre, as the Postle says.
"I must own we hadn't had much success, for would you believe it! out of five candidates that preached here the year we built the church, not one was willin' to stay and do the Lord's work.
"Why, there's only about sixty families in our church, and it was settled that first winter that six dollars a family would be a fair tax, makin' high onto four hundred a year, you see; yet it's wonderful what trouble we've had to get a pastor.
"Brother Ralph thought that mebbe if we had a parsonage it would help us; so he and the other trustees bought that nice little cottage where Miss Gray used to live, with a whole rod of land belongin' to it; but, law! 'twasn't of no use; none of 'em staid the year out; and I was clean discouraged.
"When Mr. Ormsby came, nigh on three years ago, he seemed more reasonable than the rest, though he asked if we couldn't furnish part of the parsonage for him, as they was only new beginners, and hadn't much housekeepin' stuff.
"Well, the ladies was so well pleased with him that they took right hold of the work (he was to come back in a fortnight) and got lots of things together.
"There was a handsome pincushion made for each of the bedrooms—there's three on 'em in the house—and half a dozen tidies for the parlor, and a case for his shavin' paper, and all sent in the first week.
"You've heard him preach, Miss Harwood, and you know how interestin' he was, and what a beautiful reader and singer too. Why, I declare I took real comfort goin' to church and sittin' under such preachin'; and so we all did, I'm sure.
"But I was tellin' you about what we gave him. Well, Deacon Stiles' daughter Sally made a drawin' of the church, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study; and the deacon he sent us a cookin' stove out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he come over and put it up himself, which I thought was uncommon kind.
"Then we took up a contribution to buy some furniture, but ready money was scarce just then, so we only raised enough to get a pair of china vases and an inkstand.
"But Silas Hart, that sold 'em to us, was one of our members, so he gave us in a chiny dog for the baby and a m'ch-box for the parson's wife.
"Miss Jones and Uncle Mican sent in a new painted bedstead and a kitchen table, and so I told Ralph I'd give 'em a couple of kitchen chairs and our cradle, the one we was both rocked in. So I did, and I pieced a real handsome little quilt for the cradle, a snowflower pattern, all out of spick and span new calico, too.
"Well, it's most too bad to tell, but Mandy Jones, who went to help Miss Ormsby get to rights, told me that she did eat dreadful, and not a bit becomin' a minister's wife.
"She went all round the house lookin' as if she was ready to cry, and at last she got down in the parlor on her trunk, and begun to laugh at the vases and the inkstand, and then wound up by findin' fault with the stove, which she said looked as if it came out of the ark.
"I've always thought she made her husband discontented, for Mr. Ormsby was such a meek, quiet, unselfish man that he never would have made any trouble, if she hadn't been always complainin' and puttin' him up to grumble.
"But I'm wanderin' off from my story—I started to tell you about the donation party. You see, the first year we got along splendid with it, and I must say I never saw a better tea table spread than we set that night for Miss Ormsby.
"But that woman never could be satisfied, and she said afterward that it wouldn't take more than two such parties to ruin any family!

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 16, 1876.

NUMBER 46.

"It seems she found fault because we all staid to tea with 'em, just as if we hadn't a right to our tea after sendin' in all the victuals for it.
"But I don't know as Aunt Betsy did do exactly right, for she took Miss Ormsby's preserves to put on the table, and they were all eat that night, and I suppose that put her out some.
"Well, as I was sayin', the second year cum round, and it was read out in meetin' that the donation party would be given the next Friday.
"Mr. Ormsby read the notice, and then he looked all round and cleared his throat two or three times, as if he had somethin' pertickler to say, but after waitin' a minute he changed his mind and sat down.
"I thought he acted kinder queer, but was quite taken up with noticin' Miss Ormsby. She got as red as could be, and when meetin' was dismissed she jest hurried out as if she didn't want any one to speak to her.
"Well, Friday came, and by three o'clock we was mostly all at the parsonage. Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more as if it was a funeral than a merry-makin', I must say; but his wife was awful. She was jest as huffy and short as she could be with every one, and she went and locked the study door and put the key in her pocket right before us all, as if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr. Ormsby's books and papers.
"Bimeby we begun to think about settin' the table; so Aunt Betsy, Mandy Jones and me went out into the kitchen to unpack the contributions. There was some pertaters and turnips (them we put in the sullen), a piece of corned beef, two or three billed hams, a pot of butter, some apple sars, and such a lot of biscuits it would have taken all night to count 'em.
"I begun to be scart when we took out painful after painful of biscuit, and no cake to speak of. At last we cum to Miss Jones' basket, and there we found 'lection cake, as well as a great batch of molasses cookies.
"I was glad enough I'd sent pound cake and crullers; but somehow when the table was ready, there was more biscuits on it than anything else, though we did the best we could.
"Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from his store, besides sugar and crackers; and Amos Huil he brought a bag of nuts and some apples for the young folks after supper, he said.
"There were so many there that we had to divide 'em into three lots, the dinin'-room bein' small; and it was most seven o'clock when they got through eatin'.
"Aunt Betsy stayed with me to clear up some; and I thought I never should get all the biscuits put away, for they most filled the pantry.
"For all there had been so many eaten, yet there was piles and piles left, and as Aunt Betsy said, they wouldn't need to bake for a month to come.
"It happened so that I didn't go out much the week after the donation party, but, the second Sunday after, I started off good and early for church, and as I turned the corner by the parsonage, I saw something that most took my breath away. Every one of them sharp-pointed pickets round the house and garden had a good biscuit stuck just as sure as you live, there was Aunt Betsy's nice raised biscuit—I could tell her by the shape—and Miss Hull's rucks, and Miss Stiles' soda biscuit, and every one of 'em wasted in that shameful way.
"Well, I stood and looked—I hadn't the strength to move—and pretty soon some of the ladies came along and jined me; and there we all stood till the last bell begun to ring, talkin' the matter over, and feelin' pretty mad, I can tell you.
"Mr. Ormsby had a good sermon that day, but I could hardly hear a word, my mind was so full of the biscuits.
"Miss Ormsby warn't there, and as soon as the last hymn was sung, he got up and said that he had had a call from a church in the far West, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to accept it. He went on to say that he would like to go that same week, and then, without so much as tellin' us that he was sorry to leave us, or offerin' to wait until we could get some other us, he gave the benediction and dismissed us.
The grass was surely beginning to

"I can tell you there was talk enough when we got out that mornin', and some of the folks thought we ought to 'pint a committee to ask Miss Ormsby about it, but brother Ralph said: 'No; if they was goin', let 'em go peaceable'; so they all agreed to say nothin' at all.
"We heard afterward, from little Johnny Hall, who was playing near the parsonage late on Saturday afternoon, that Mr. Ormsby he brought the bisnits out in a big basket, and then Miss Ormsby she helped him to stick them on the pickets, and she laughed all the time as if it was a good joke.
"I don't want to judge anybody, but I never did think that woman was fit for a minister's wife, and I don't think so now.
"Well, they moved off, bag and baggage, on Wednesday, of that week, and we've never heard from Mr. Ormsby since, and I don't know as we want to, seein' he hurt our feelin's so, though we've never found as good a preacher as he was, and never will."
And this was Miss Melissa's story.—*Harper's.*

How Margery Wondered.

One bright morning, late in March, little Margery put on her hood and her Highland plaid shawl, and went trudging across the beach. It was the first time she had been trusted out alone, for Margery was a little girl; nothing about her was large, except her round, gray eyes which had yet scarcely opened upon half a dozen springs and summers.
There was a pale mist on the far-off sea and sky, and up around the sun were white clouds edged with the hues of pinks and violets. The sunshine and the mild air made Margery's very heart feel warm, and she let the soft wind blow aside her Highland shawl, as she looked across the water at the sun, and wondered!
For, somehow, the sun had never looked before as it did to-day; it seemed like a great golden flower bursting out of its pearl-lined caxix—a flower without a stem! Or was there a strong stem away behind it in the sky, that reached down below the sea, to a root, nobody could guess where?
Margery did not stop to puzzle herself about the answer to her question, for now the tide was coming in, and the waters, little at first, but growing larger every moment, were crowding up, along the sand and pebbles, laughing, winking and whispering, as they tumbled over each other, like thousands of children hurrying along home from somewhere, each with its own precious little secret to tell. Where did the waves come from? Who was down there under the blue wall of the horizon, with the hoarse, hollow voice, urging and pushing them across the beach to her feet? And what secret were they lisping to each other with their pleasant voices? O, what was there beneath the sea, and beyond the sea, so deep, so broad, and so dim too, away off where the white ships, that looked smaller than sea birds, were gliding in and out?
But while Margery stood still for a moment on a dry rock and wondered, there came a low, rippling warble to her ear from a cedar tree on the cliff above her. It had been a long winter, and Margery had forgotten there were birds, and that birds could sing. So she wondered again what the music was. And when she saw the bird perched on a yellow-brown bough, she wondered yet more. It was only a blue-bird, but then it was the first blue-bird Margery had ever seen. He fluttered among the prickly twigs, and looked as if he had grown out of them, as the cedar-berries had, which were dusty blue, the color of his coat. But how did the music get into his throat? And after it was in his throat, how could it untangle itself, and wind itself off so evenly? And where had the blue-bird flown from, across the snow-banks, down to the shore of the blue sea? The waves sang a welcome to him, and he sang a welcome to the waves; they seemed to know each other well; and the ripple and the warble sounded so much alike, the bird and wave must have both learned their music from the same teacher. And Margery kept on wondering, as she stopped between the song of the blue-bird and the echo of the sea, and climbed a sloping bank, just turning faintly green in the spring sunshine.
The grass was surely beginning to

grow! There were fresh, juicy roots running up amid the withered blades of last year, as if in hopes of bringing them back to life; and closer down she saw the sharp points of new spears peeping from their sheaths. And scattered here and there were small green leaves foiled around buds shut up so tight that only those who had watched them many seasons could tell what flowers were to be let out of their safe prisons by-and-by. So no one could blame Margery for not knowing that they were only common things—mouse-ear, dandelions and cinquefoil; nor for stooping over the tiny buds, and wondering.
What made the grass come up so green out of the black earth? And how did the buds know when it was time to take off their little green hoods, and see what was in the world around them? And how came they to be buds at all? Did they bloom in another world before they sprung up here?—and did they know themselves, what kind of flowers they would blossom into? Had flowers souls, like little girls, that would live in another world when their forms had faded away from this?
Margery thought she should like to sit down on the bank and wait beside the buds until they opened, perhaps they would tell her their secret if the very first thing they saw was her eyes watching them. One bud was beginning to unfold; it was streaked with yellow in little stripes that she could imagine became wider every minute. But she would not touch it, for it seemed almost as much alive as herself. She only wondered and wondered.
But the dash of the waves grew louder, and the bluebird had not stopped singing yet, and the sweet sounds drew Margery's feet down to the beach again, where she played with the shining pebbles, and sifted the sand through her plump fingers, stopping now and then to wonder about everything, until she heard her mother's voice calling her from the cottage on the cliff.
Then Margery trudged home across the shells and pebbles with a pleasant smile dimpling her cheeks, for she felt very much at home in this large, wonderful world, and was happy to be alive, although she neither could have told nor cared to know the reason why. But when her mother unpinned the little girl's Highland shawl, and took off her hood, she said, "Oh, mother, do let me live on the doorstep! I don't like houses to stay in. What makes everything so pretty and so glad? Don't you like to wonder?"
Margery's mother was a good woman. But then there was all the housework to do, and if she had thoughts, she did not often let them wander outside the kitchen door. Just now she was baking some gingerbread, which was in danger of getting burned in the oven. So she pinned the shawl around the child's neck again, and left her on the door-step, saying to herself, as she returned to her work, "Queer child! I wonder what kind of a woman she will be!"
But Margery sat on the door-step and wondered, as the sea sounded louder, and the sunshine grew warmer around her. It was all so strange, and grand, and beautiful! Her heart danced with joy to the music that went echoing through the wide world from the roots of the sprouting grass to the great golden blossom of the sun.
And when the round, gray eyes closed that night, at the first peep of the stars, the angels looked down and wondered over Margery. For the wisdom of the wisest being God has made ends in wonder; and there is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding of a little child.—*Lucy Larcom, in Examiner and Chronicle.*
"I've stopped to get a bite," said a vagabond to a lady in her garden, in an insolent manner. "Here, Tiger!" cried she, and as a huge mastiff came bounding to her side, she said to the tramp: "If you don't leave at once you'll get one." He didn't stop to expostulate.
A Scotch minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more."—"It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

The Psalms in History.
Alfred the Great, we are told, not only read the Psalms, and that in those days was a wonderful thing, but made a copy of them, which he always carried with him. Not satisfied either till all his subjects could enjoy the same privilege, he commenced a translation of them, which at the time of his death he had not completed. How many times he knelt on the cold floor of the chapel at night, and poured out his soul in the words of the Psalmist, no chronicler informs us. But they write of the hushed voices and footsteps of those passing by, who sometimes perhaps stopped to listen as they heard the sublime words of old come with earnest voice from their noble king. Others, since Alfred's time, have found their greatest pleasure in the Psalms. Lady Francis Hobart read them twelve times a year, and Salmesius said if he had had one year to live it would be spent reading the Psalms and Paul's Epistles.
Of all, perhaps, which have been read under circumstances most interesting, and often most saddening to us, there is none so often used as the fifty-first—the Miserere—appointed by the Roman Catholics for penitential purposes. When Henry V. of England was dying, as the solemn tones of the priest fell for the last time on his ear with the words, "Build-up the walls of Jerusalem," he murmured—his last recorded words—"If I had finished the war in France, and established peace, I would have gone to Palestine to redeem the holy city from the Saracens." Many years after Lady Jane Grey, whom all the world has known and loved as the innocent victim of a conspiracy, read the same Psalm on the scaffold. "Joy and gladness" were beyond the reach of the sharp-edged axe, and almost before the echoes of the prayer had died away, the work of the masked headsman was done, and God had truly restored unto her the joy of his salvation. How different from Lady Jane Grey's innocence is the guilt of Norfolk, a few years later! He stands upon the scaffold a traitor to his Queen. A hundred acts of treason are pressed upon his memory. He calls to mind his unrealized dreams of honor and daring; he thought to draw his country from the ignominy into which she was falling, and to settle for ever the troubled question of succession. Above him now is the uplifted axe and before him a traitor's grave. His whole soul was in the words which he read: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgression. For I acknowledge any transgression, and my sin is ever before me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion; build Thou the walls of Jerusalem." Let us hope when, a moment after, the axe fell and cut away the cord which bound Norfolk to this world, it released him too from the bondage of sin, and, entering into life, he tasted of the mercy of God.
In the sixteenth century a vessel foundered on the Barbary coast. The night was doubtless dark, and the air full of wind and tempest. The crew were in the same state of danger that prompted David to write the twelfth Psalm. They too were destitute of human comfort, and craved help from God. How grandly must the words, "Help, Lord, for the faithful fail among the children of men," have swelled out from their lips, with never-faltering tone, till, at the fourth verse, the waves "had stopped the breaths of most."
Cromwell and his army never gained a victory without giving thanks to the God of battles, and often they chose, as the best medium to express their thankfulness, one of David's songs. On September 3d, 1650, the famous Ironsides defeated the Scottish army at Dunbar, and ten thousand Royalists were taken prisoners. Cromwell had held his commission as commander-in-chief about four months, and this was his first decisive victory. But returning thanks to God, he led his soldiers in chanting the 117th Psalm, called afterwards by the Puritans the Dunbar Psalm: "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us, and the truth of the Lord endureth forever.—Praise ye the Lord."—*Baptist Weekly.*

The Debt to Mothers.
Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name mother is the sweetest in human language. And yet sons, youthful and aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those mothers go down to their graves with those hours of sorrow agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in privacy in her closet, she weighs well the words which she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling, lest she may say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheerful love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the depth and breadth of the obligations which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character of virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, and he will part from her at the tomb with the debt to her half discharged.
Feeling the Greyhounds.
An English gentleman of considerable experience in sporting matters has invented a mechanical hare, which is intended to travel along the ground at any required rate, and so closely to resemble the living animal as to deceive greyhounds. At a trial lately made in England, the hare having been started at one end of the field, moved at great speed to the other with a brace of greyhounds following rapidly in chase. The experiment was repeated with the same success. The hare itself is simply the stuffed skin of a real one mounted on a carriage similar to the platform of a rocking horse. A rope attached to the carriage leads to the further end of the field, where a machine, worked by hand, draws the hare at any speed required. On reaching the end of the course the hare runs into a screen of furze and disappears, leaving the hounds lost in perplexity to know what has become of their expected prey. The object of the invention is to provide artificial means for greyhound racing, and it is thought the plan will succeed.
What Next.
"What's this, mister?" said a countryman who was wandering through a jeweler's store, and as he spoke he rung a statue of Mercury with his horny knuckles. "That," said the attendant, "is Mercury," and he passed on to wait on a customer. The ruralist gazed for a moment with open mouth at the bronze representation of the messenger of the gods, and then beckoned to a companion at the other end of the store, to whom he said: "Jim, what do you suppose that figger is?" "I dunno," responded Jim, in turn giving it a resounding rap, "brunze, hain't it?" "No," said the other, "taint; it's quiksilver."—"What's the stuff they put into thermometers? Wasn't I am durned. What'll they do next?"
Nothing is more easy than to get rich. It is only to trust nobody, to befriend none, to get everything and save all you get, to be the friend of no man and have no man for your friend, to stint yourself and everybody belonging to you, to heap interest upon interest and count upon cent, to be mean, miserable and despised for twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as surely as disease and disappointment. And when pretty nearly enough wealth is collected by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart and at the expense of every enjoyment, save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work, the body is buried in a hole, the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?
—*Commercial Advertiser.*
A French writer says not one American in ten has a handsome chin. But in nine cases out of ten, what he lacks in chin is made up in cheek.

Good Advice to Barbers.
Abundance of clean napkins, whether you work a 10 or 15 cent shop.
Keep your razors well honed.
Wash your hands previous to every shave.
Don't finger the lips of your customers too freely.
Never puff your hot breath into his face while shaving.
Don't waste time in poking lather up his nostrils or in his mouth.
Keep your combs and brushes piously clean.
Don't compel your customer to talk whether he wants to or not.
Always be pleasant and polite; it costs nothing, yet pays.
Regular and thorough rinsing out of the soap-cup and brush.
When jerking a gentleman's head around or twisting his nose, just imagine the predicament if either one should happen to come off. Moral: Handle gently.
When you come to dressing the head do it tenderly, and not like a Sioux Indian taking a scalp.
The following is the quintessence of forty years' experience in the barber shop. Neglect these maxims and you will be a botch all your life; adhere to them, and you will be pronounced A 1 in the profession.—*Hair Dressers' Gazette.*
The World's Age.
Mr. William Chambers, the veteran author and publisher of Chambers' Journal, contributes to that excellent periodical a summary of some of the many views held by scientists as to the antiquity of our world. The Quarterly Review treated the same subject recently, and that most conservative of magazines now admits that the ordinary interpretation of the date of creation, about 6,000 years ago, is to be set aside as untenable and at variance not only with historic and archeological research, but with the substantial discoveries of geology. The reviewer quotes the opinion that it is impossible the earth can exist many millions of years, as the earth is cooling, if not rapidly, at such a rate as to make such an antiquity impossible; and again there is reason to believe that the earth's rotation is not so rapid as formerly.
The question as to the date of creation must be considered to refer to our solar system alone. The nearest fixed star or sun outside our system—possibly the center of a similar system—is too far to enter into the question of the age of our sun and its planets and their satellites, being two hundred millions of millions miles away. Sir Charles Lyell gives the date of the Cambrian formation of rocks as at least 240,000,000 years ago; while Mr. Darwin assigns to the world a much greater age even than this. Mr. Adams has essayed to calculate the retardation of the earth by the friction of the tidal waves on the atmosphere; and, in conjunction with Prof. Tait and Sir William Thompson, he allows twenty-two seconds per century as the time lost by the slackened speed. Mr. Chambers wisely concludes his article as follows: "We can only say the theories propounded are eminently suggestive, but nothing more. It is not remarkable that there should be differences of opinion among men of science concerning the dark and stupendous questions of the cosmogeny of the world. All we deprecate, in the present state of human knowledge, is rash dogmatizing, one way or another."
A Spanish proverb says that a paper cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and a kiss from a pretty girl, will sustain a man a day without eating. In view of the approaching winter, we think that if a party of young men club together and procure the services of the requisite young lady, they might reduce their boarding expenses for the ensuing season considerable.
He could remember the names of all the letters of the alphabet except B, and to impress that upon his memory Jennie told him to think of the bee. Next time he was asked to name the letters he remembered the first, but the second stumped him again; he hesitated a moment, then with a smile said, "Oh I know, that's the stinger!"—*Yonkers Gazette.*
GORGING.—Before Indian couriers start on their journeys a feast is made, and they eat and dance, eating as much as a dozen white men would eat. They call on their neighbors and eat again, and continue dancing and eating until nature, exhausted, forces sleep. After sleeping a few hours they eat again, and are then ready for business. They mount the fleetest pony in camp, and then start off, riding day and night, without food, water or rest, for five days sometimes, if their business takes them to several tribes.—*E. A.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
PORT LEWIS SELINEY,
Rome, Oswego Co., N. Y., Associate Editor.
AUSTIN W. MAXN,
Flint, Michigan,
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign
Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

* THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, \$2.00
These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
For terms, call in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are also responsible for views and opinions expressed in communication.

Contributions, Subscriptions, and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Syle, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 16, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

INDUSTRIAL HOME.—A quarterly meeting of the Trustees of the New England Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes will be held in Marblehead, Mass., on Saturday, the 25th inst., at 2 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.—A service for deaf-mutes will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, Boston, on Sunday, the 26th inst., at 3 P. M.

TROY LITERARY CLUB.—A lecture will be delivered before the Troy Deaf-mutes Literary Club, by H. C. Rider, editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, on the 2d of December, at 7 1/2 P. M.

"A Little Learning a Dangerous Thing."

So says the *Advance* of the 4th inst., in regard to a former article of ours on the proposed Cook County (Illinois) Institution for Deaf-mutes. "Caught a Tartar," says the *Advance* at the head of an editorial, and then proceeds to relate the old threadbare fable for the delectation of its rapacious, news-hungry readers, and asserts that the *JOURNAL* is in the same fix in its arguments upon the subject of another deaf-mute Institution in Illinois. Now, perhaps, our intellect may be obscured, but for the life of us, we fail to see where the application comes in. The *Advance* claims that we thought we had caught it (the *Advance*). We profess entire innocence of endeavoring to catch it. Let that paper alone for that matter. Its own arguments—if they can be so styled—will corner it without help, and its cry should be, "I have caught myself." For lack of argument the *Advance* accuses us of being egotistical and having a little regard for public sentiment as for our own moral principles. The *Advance* also modestly implies that we misrepresented the facts. Well, we deny having misrepresented facts in relation to the proposed institution. We had the facts and figures from sources that make them reliable; at all events they came from parties who would be full as likely to understand the matter as would the *Advance*.

The *Advance* of Oct. 28th quotes a paragraph from one of our editorials, and after saying that it admires the *JOURNAL* for its opinions, claims that we are mistaken in relation to its bias on the Cook County Institution question. If we formed unjust conclusions respecting the prejudices of the *Advance*, we are sorry to learn that we judged too hastily, but it must be confessed that the tone of that paper on the subject of the new Institution, would seem to fully warrant us in our formerly expressed opinions. But after all the real gist of the argument alluded to is whether a few large Institutions are more beneficial to the deaf and dumb than a greater number of small Institutions? Thereby hangs the key-note to the argument. The *Advance* favors the few, while we are in favor of smaller ones and more of them for many reasons heretofore explained. Our common hearing and speaking friends who build and maintain the Institutions will, of course, decide according to their taste and convenience. We may agitate the mooted question, but they will decide the matter themselves, and for our part we are willing to abide by their considerate decision.

The theory that intermarriage among deaf-mutes is a prolific source of deafness, would seem to have received additional strength from remarks by certain gentlemen at the Philadelphia Conference of Principals. In order to supplement the information on the subject in our hands, we respectfully ask the Principal, or some obliging officer of every Institution or school for deaf-mutes reached by the *JOURNAL*, to forward to one of the Associate Editors, Fort Lewis Seliney, Rome, New York, the number of pupils in such establishment, who are, as far as known, children of deaf parents.

We also invite every reader of the *JOURNAL* to send to the same address any facts coming under his observation, bearing on the point at issue.

This is a subject of much importance and interest, for light upon which the *JOURNAL* craves, and which it will gratefully and sincerely acknowledge.

The Intermarriage of Deaf-Mutes

A REQUEST.

The theory that intermarriage among deaf-mutes is a prolific source of deafness, would seem to have received additional strength from remarks by certain gentlemen at the Philadelphia Conference of Principals. In order to supplement the information on the subject in our hands, we respectfully ask the Principal, or some obliging officer of every Institution or school for deaf-mutes reached by the *JOURNAL*, to forward to one of the Associate Editors, Fort Lewis Seliney, Rome, New York, the number of pupils in such establishment, who are, as far as known, children of deaf parents.

We also invite every reader of the *JOURNAL* to send to the same address any facts coming under his observation, bearing on the point at issue.

This is a subject of much importance and interest, for light upon which the *JOURNAL* craves, and which it will gratefully and sincerely acknowledge.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

AMONG those who attended the service of Dr. GALLAUDET at Detroit, on the evening of the 9th inst., was Miss A. M. WINDIATE, of Pontiac, Mich., one of the graduates of the Institution at Flint. Bishop McCOSKRY was present at this service and made a feeling address at the close of Dr. GALLAUDET's remarks. He spoke of, among several things, of his first deaf-mute parishioners, Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, now of Pontiac, Mich. The Bishop was then performing the duties of Rector of St. Paul's Church, in addition to the work of a Bishop. This couple, who are now quite advanced in years, were baptized and confirmed by him more than twenty years ago. Miss WINDIATE, who is a cousin of theirs had also received the apostolic rite of confirmation at his hands a short time previously. Mr. WHITEFIELD was educated at one of the English schools, and his wife is a graduate of the New York Institution.

THE Principal, Bursar and eight teachers of the Ontario Institution for Deaf-mutes at Belleville, have visited the Centennial, all of them were, of course, highly pleased.

THE Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville at present contains 218 pupils, the largest number at this season of the year since it was opened. We see it stated that it is the intention of the Government to do away with the fee now charged for tuition, thus offering gratuitously the advantages of education to a most unfortunate class of the community.—*Canada Paper*.

MR. J. T. WATSON, one of the teachers of the Ontario Institution, is at present visiting New York, Boston and Northampton Institutions, for the purpose of reporting on the various methods of the systems of articulation.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2d, was the Thanksgiving day observed by the pupils of the Ontario Institution, who enjoyed a splendid dinner, and a party in the evening.

A deaf-mute son of ASA HURD, of Haverhill, Mass., about twelve years of age, was struck by a locomotive and instantly killed, Nov. 3d. He was walking on the track, of course.

ALFRED KNIGHT, for five years foreman of the shoe shop of the Michigan Institution, died suddenly of heart disease on the 25th of Oct. last, aged 65 years. He was a very well known and respected citizen of Flint, and his death creates a void that is greatly felt.

MISS MAY ALDERMAN, at one time a teacher at the Michigan Institution, is visiting friends in Flint. She has removed with her mother to Tuscola, Mich., where her step-father, Rev. PHIL FORTES has accepted a new charge, after resigning the one he had occupied at Mount Vernon, Mich., for several years.

THE friends of Mr. STEPHEN W. FITCH, late supervisor at the Michigan Institution, will doubtless be pleased to learn that he is well, and that he, in common with other deaf-mutes, has revelled in the sights of the centennial. He is at present at his home in North Walton, Delaware Co.

THE Deaf-mute College students ask: "What sort of an entertainment are we going to have Thanksgiving?" Keep the interrogative point standing.

WELL, we are beat. The *Silent World* actually speaks of "the College cobbler's." Next!

We regret to learn that Mr. HORACE S. GILLET, a teacher in the Indiana Institution, is lying very low with a dangerous fever.

THE *Mirror* says that there are feeble-minded pupils in the Michigan Institution who have no business to be there; who are kept out of pure charity, and whose room is preferable to their company, and it calls upon the Legislature of the State to make direct provision for their care.

MRS. LAVINA G. BAKER and daughter have been visiting the Philadelphia Centennial and other places for the past week. Mrs. BAKER is the wife of the late Prof. ABEL B. BAKER, formerly a teacher of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Jacksonville. They have a comfortable farm only four miles from Ithaca, N. Y., which is a pleasant place. Miss EVA is finishing her education at Ithaca high school.

MR. JOSTIA R. PINK, of Wolcott, N. Y., after depositing his ballots for the Republican party, went to the Centennial where he enjoyed the big elephant very much for two days. Returning from Philadelphia, he took the train by R. W. and O. R. R., for Jefferson county in this State to visit some friends. On his way home last Tuesday, he stopped over at Mexico, and spent a night very pleasantly with the editor of the *JOURNAL*.

Another Imposter.

For some time past a colored man has been canvassing the eastern part of Buffalo, wearing a card which stated, "I am deaf and dumb; please help me." In this cunning way, he has managed to earn a living until Wednesday, when he came to grief. He solicited alms at a house, and when about leaving, got through an open window and stole a shawl worth four dollars. Soon afterward the article was missed, suspicion fell upon the "mute," and he was arrested at his home by two detectives. When arrested he protested that he was not deaf and dumb, but he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Poetical justice has served him right. Shame on all impostors.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Nov. 19th.

The Psalter for the 19th day of the month.

Morning prayer.
1st Lesson—Proverbs i.
2d Lesson—John ix.
Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Proverbs ii.
2d Lesson—1 John ii.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

Dr. Gallaudet at St. Paul's Church, Jackson, Mich.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., Rector of St. Ann's Church in New York, and general manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, an organization of recent date, arrived yesterday from Chicago, and in the evening held service at St. Paul's Church and delivered an address on the nature of the work of which he is a leading spirit. The church service was interpreted by the sign language with which he is extremely familiar, through a long association with those who are obliged to use it as a mode of conveying thought. His father founded the first school for this class in North America, in 1817. Altogether he has been identified with spiritual interests of the deaf and dumb, for quite a number of years; and now visits the West in the interests of the missions founded and visited by Mr. A. W. Mann, the deaf-mute missionary, who took part in the services last night.—*Jackson (Mich.) Patriot*, Nov. 7.

parables in Rutland society, except Madam Temple. She leaves four sons and daughters, one of whom, Chauncey K. Williams, is editor of the *Rutland Globe*. Mrs. Williams was the maternal grand-mother of Mr. Charles K. W. Strong, of the Treasury Department, one of the most influential mute residents of Washington.—*National Republican*, Nov. 6, 1876.

Death of a Distinguished Vermont Lady.

The venerable Madam Williams, relict of the late Hon. Charles K. Williams, for many years chief justice of the Supreme Court of Vermont, and Governor of that State from 1850 to 1852, died at Rutland, October 18, in her eighty-fourth year. Her death occurred at her residence, in the house to which she came as a bride fifty-three years ago. Her maiden name was Lucy Green Langdon, her father being Hon. Chauncey Langdon, of Castleton, a member of Congress and of the Governor's Council.

Mrs. Williams was for many years a notable woman of Rutland, a leader in society, active and earnest in all good works, and justly held in the highest esteem. Several years after the death of her distinguished husband she paid a visit, with friends, to the session of the Legislative House of Representatives, at Montpelier, and the members present rose in a body to do her honor. She was the oldest member of the Episcopal Church in Rutland, both in years and membership, and survived all her cotemporaries.

A NOVEL SERMON.—The Rev. Mr. Rowlands, missionary from Cardiff, himself deaf and dumb, preached to a congregation of deaf and dumb people at the Highland Baptist Chapel on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. gentleman's impressive manner, his silent eloquence, if we may so express it, and the rapt attention not only of the little gathering of deaf and dumb collected from all parts of the district, but a large concourse of spectators, constituted one of the most interesting spectacles ever seen in Merthyr. During the evening a young girl from Pontypridd, also deaf and dumb, gave the Lord's Prayer in a wonderfully graceful manner. Her hands seemed for the time endowed with marvellous grace and feeling, and the very movements had a telling effect even upon those in possession of the sense of hearing and speaking. Other ministers addressed the congregation at the close.—*Western Mail (Cardiff)*, South Wales, Oct. 19, 1876.

MEXICO, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1876.
I sold more bottles of Hask's Universal Cough Syrup, in one year, than of any similar preparation during the same time. It is sold on its merits. No cure! No pay! Hadn't you better try a medicine that your neighbors commend so highly.
E. L. HUNTINGTON.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

—Last Wednesday evening the Helicon Band serenaded D. W. C. Peck, our Member of Assembly elect, and received a warm welcome and were invited in and waited upon to oysters and other good things.

—The boys in town are spoiling for a bonfire and general jollification. Last Friday night they could stand it no longer, and brought out the cannon and fired a few rounds in honor of the victory in the State. The long pause in the firing gave it a rather funeral sound, however, and the people didn't "enthusiast" worth a cent.

—It is reported of some of our pure "reformers" in town, that last Sunday, finding the "ragged eddy" unendurable, they telegraphed to New York for election news which reached them on Monday. The flame of patriotism blazes high these days and even the less excitable ones longed for Sunday to be over, and ministers had hard work to hold the attention of their hearers.

General Giles A. Smith.

The Death of a Brave and Distinguished Soldier—Brief Sketch of his Career in the Army and in Private Life.

The death of Gen. Giles A. Smith occurred in this city yesterday afternoon a few moments after twelve o'clock. For several months past the condition of his health has been very low, and during the latter part of the summer, by the advice of his friends and through his own inclination, he left his home in San Jose, California, for a change of residence in this city, and since that time has resided at the home of his sister, Mrs. L. A. McLain, on East Front street, at which place he expired yesterday afternoon. Soon after coming to Bloomington it was thought that his health showed evidences of improvement, and during the warm and pleasant days of September and October he was able to ride out with his friends and take such other exercise as the condition of his health would permit; but gradually he grew worse, and his physical condition was of such a character that in a short time his friends gave up all hopes of his recovery, and for several weeks past his death was almost hourly expected.

Gen. Giles A. Smith was born in Jefferson, County, New York, on the 29th day of September, in the year 1829, and is therefore in his forty-eighth year. During his early manhood he moved to Ohio, and engaged in business in London, afterward changing his place of residence, and for over two years he resided and did business in Cincinnati. In the year 1850 he was married to Miss McLain, at London, Ohio, and six years later he came to Bloomington, and for a short time was engaged in the dry goods trade, the firm at that time being Smith & Graham, his place of business being located in the building now occupied by S. S. Stevens, dry goods merchant. In the year 1859 he assumed the proprietorship of the old Pike House, which he left after a short management to take the proprietorship of what was then known as the Nicolls House, located on the corner of Grove and Main streets, and continued to be the landlord until the year 1861.

He entered the military service as Captain of Company D, 8th Missouri Volunteers, which was commanded by his brother, Morgan L. Smith; served during the summer in Missouri; was stationed with his regiment at Paducah in the fall of 1861, from which place he took part with his regiment in the capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, also the battle of Shiloh and siege of Corinth, where his regiment was first in the rebel works and took possession. After the capture of Corinth the regiment went to Memphis as a part of the 15th corps, where Gen. Smith was successively promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, and on the promotion of his brother to a Brigadier Giles A. was promoted to a Colonel.

As Colonel in command of his regiment he took part in Sherman's first attack on Vicksburg, and afterwards in the attack on Arkansas Post, where his horse was killed under him, and he was slightly wounded. In the operations resulting in the capture of Vicksburg he took an active and conspicuous part, a brilliant incident being his rescue, with his regiment, of Admiral Porter and his ironclads, when surrounded and hemmed in by the rebels.

After the capture of Vicksburg he was promoted to Brigadier-General, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field.

His next service was in command of his brigade in the 15th army corps, in the campaign resulting in the defeat of Bragg and raising the siege of Chattanooga, in which he took an active and conspicuous part, and was badly wounded at the battle of Mission Ridge.

Recovering from his wound, he returned to the field and took part in the Atlanta campaign, commanding first a brigade in the 15th corps, from which he was, on the 20th of July, 1864, transferred to the command of the 2d division of the 17th army corps, under General Frank P. Blair. Two days after this transfer, on the 22d of July, was fought the great battle near Atlanta, in which General McPherson fell. The heaviest portion of this battle fell on the division of General Giles A. Smith, and his heroic conduct on this occasion forms no small part of the history of that eventful day.

He next took part in Sherman's great march to the sea, in command of the second division of the 17th corps, especially in the operations in and about Columbia, S. C., his division being first in the city, and all of the events of the great march. After the surrender of Gen. Lee, Gen. Smith having been promoted a full Major-General, was transferred to the 25th army corps, and stationed at Brownsville, Texas, in command of the first division, continuing in the service until the corps was divided, and then, declining the commission of Colonel of Cavalry in the regular army, he returned to his home at Bloomington. In 1868 General Smith was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress, but was not successful in the convention.

On the election of General Grant to the Presidency, he was appointed Second Assistant Postmaster-General, which position he held until his resignation from failing health in 1872, since which time he has resided at Bloomington, and for the past two years at San Jose, Cal., returning to this place about September last past.

He leaves a wife and one little daughter, who will find ample pecuniary support in a moderate fortune accumulated by the General during his eventful life.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph*, Nov. 6.

THE FUNERAL OF GEN. SMITH.

Yesterday afternoon the last rites over the remains of General Giles A. Smith were celebrated in the Methodist church before a very large audience, for he was much respected by the members of this community as well as the State and public at large. In the morning the customary military salute was fired with a cannon sent from Springfield for that purpose.

The funeral cortege left the residence of the deceased headed by Kadel's full military band and forty of the "Governor's Guards," in full uniform, of Springfield. On arriving at the church the guards presented arms as the body of the deceased passed forward to the door, and then shouldered arms as the members of the family, prominent officials and friends entered the church. They then stacked arms, and took their places in the building. The church was filled to its utmost capacity with those who had left the exciting scenes of the day to pay this last sad tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The exercises commenced with an anthem sung by the full church choir, in a very touching manner. The burial service was then read by Chaplain Dean of the Guards in a very fine manner, and was followed by Rev. T. A. Parker in an eloquent and touching prayer, asking both for the comfort of God for the bereaved family in this hour of their sorrow, and for the community which loses a man of such ability and bravery while yet in his prime.

The choir then sang the hymn, "Watch and Pray" in a manner very suitable for such an occasion.

Rev. J. W. Dinsmore, of the Second Presbyterian church, in the absence of Rev. A. S. Eddy, who was expected, delivered the funeral sermon. His remarks were very appropriate and delivered with much feeling. Not in the manner of eulogy, as this was contrary to the expressed wishes of his friends, yet in closing the record of a man of such prominence as General Smith, both in the military service of the nation as well as in his civil duties as Second Assistant Postmaster-General, it was impossible to pass so many deeds of bravery and wisdom without a word. General Smith's death was mainly due to the exposure of himself upon the field. No more appropriate eulogy could be said of him than a sentence of Mr. Dinsmore's remarks: "He risked his life upon the field of battle, that we at home might enjoy the blessings of a free government."

The funeral cortege left the residence of the deceased headed by Kadel's full military band and forty of the "Governor's Guards," in full uniform, of Springfield. On arriving at the church the guards presented arms as the body of the deceased passed forward to the door, and then shouldered arms as the members of the family, prominent officials and friends entered the church. They then stacked arms, and took their places in the building. The church was filled to its utmost capacity with those who had left the exciting scenes of the day to pay this last sad tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The exercises commenced with an anthem sung by the full church choir, in a very touching manner. The burial service was then read by Chaplain Dean of the Guards in a very fine manner, and was followed by Rev. T. A. Parker in an eloquent and touching prayer, asking both for the comfort of God for the bereaved family in this hour of their sorrow, and for the community which loses a man of such ability and bravery while yet in his prime.

The choir then sang the hymn, "Watch and Pray" in a manner very suitable for such an occasion.

Rev. J. W. Dinsmore, of the Second Presbyterian church, in the absence of Rev. A. S. Eddy, who was expected, delivered the funeral sermon. His remarks were very appropriate and delivered with much feeling. Not in the manner of eulogy, as this was contrary to the expressed wishes of his friends, yet in closing the record of a man of such prominence as General Smith, both in the military service of the nation as well as in his civil duties as Second Assistant Postmaster-General, it was impossible to pass so many deeds of bravery and wisdom without a word. General Smith's death was mainly due to the exposure of himself upon the field. No more appropriate eulogy could be said of him than a sentence of Mr. Dinsmore's remarks: "He risked his life upon the field of battle, that we at home might enjoy the blessings of a free government."

The audience then dispersed, and the procession started to the final home of the dead in the following order: The Military Band; the Governor's Guards, carrying "reversed arms"; the officiating clergyman; the hearse, containing the remains, members of the family and intimate friends and State officers in carriages, soldiers, sailors and citizens on foot.

At the grounds after the caasket, which was wrapped in the nation's flag, was placed in the vault, and then three rounds, the military salute, were fired by the Guards, and the ceremony was over. The pall-bearers were Hon. Judge Grierham, of the United States District Court of Indiana, of Indianapolis; Major C. E. Emory, of Mason; and Hon. Lawrence Welden, Stephen Smith, R. W. Dibble, George Ostrom, George C. Lyman, and E. Thorpe, of this city. Among those who attended the funeral were Hon. J. L. Beveridge, Governor; H. Willard, Adjutant-General; George Harlow, Secretary of State; Thomas S. Ridgeway, State Treasurer; James K. Edsall, Attorney-General; S. M. Etter, Superintendent of Public Instruction; Col. E. R. Roe, U. S. Marshal for the Southern District of Illinois; Judge Payson, of Pontiac; D. L. Phillips, D. A. Ray, of Springfield; Judge John M. Scott, of the State Supreme Court.

Thus closes the record of a well-spent life, and this community and the nation have lost a brave soldier and an able man.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph*, Nov. 9.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.
The unfeigned mercies of God, of which another year has given witness, call us to renew our acknowledgment of him in thanksgiving and prayer.
We are especially reminded of his protection, in the absence of any great disaster or calamity throughout the commonwealth; and of his bounty, in the large and bounteous returns of nature.
Let us rejoice in the spirit of order and of charity and of hopefulness which has pervaded all classes under the depression in the industries and trade; and in the growth of public sentiment toward wise and humane methods of dealing with want and suffering. Let us give thanks for the maintenance of our social and religious institutions in their integrity, and invoke the divine blessing upon all efforts in behalf of good government and a true morality.

In common with the people of the other States of the Union we recall, at this time, the blessings which we hold by inheritance. It becomes us, with them, to gratefully and humbly acknowledge the God of our fathers, whose mercies have been from generation to generation, bestowing him for the continuance of his favor to the nation of his planting, that he may not "deliver our glory into another."

I do, therefore, set apart and appoint Thursday, the 30th day of November, recommending to the people that on that day they put aside their usual employments, and in their homes and in their respective places of worship, render thanks to Almighty God for his mercies to us as individuals and as a State.

Done at the Capitol, in the city of [L. S.] Albany, this sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

By the Governor: SAMUEL J. TILDEN.
CHAS. STEBBINS, Private Secretary.

Chas. R. Skinner is elected to the Assembly from the Watertown district by a majority of 1445. The electors did wisely in making such a selection.

The Centennial Closing.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10, 1876.
The ceremony of closing the exhibition was begun this morning by a federal salute of 13 guns, which were fired from George's Hill at sunrise by Keystone Battery, and simultaneously from the United States steamer Plymouth in the harbor. The First City Troop were drawn up in front of the Judges' Hall at half past twelve, and at two o'clock General Goshorn, President Hawley and various heads of the Centennial management entered that building, and soon afterwards President Grant arrived and took a seat on the platform in the center of the front room. After music and prayer Hon. D. J. Morrell delivered an address reviewing the work of the Centennial Commissioners. The Delinger to Deum was then sung, after which Mr. John Welsh paid an eloquent and reverential tribute to the hallowed memories of the past century, and in conclusion said that the grateful acknowledgment of this nation was due to all at home and abroad who helped forward this great enterprise. The orchestra then performed Beethoven's 5th Symphony. Director-General Goshorn spoke next, and cordially thanked the foreign commissioners and foreign exhibitors for their hearty co-operation in this exhibition, and he declared that their presence here would be accepted by the people of this country as a mission of international goodwill and fraternal intercourse. After congratulating the exhibitors from our own country, he alluded gratefully to the efficient work of his co-official and personal staff. The chairman then sang the Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah, after which Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, President of the United States Centennial Commission, delivered an address, ably reviewing the great difficulties which were at first found in the path of the enterprise. He concluded by saying: "God send us all, individuals and nations, a happy future. Mr. President, we await your pleasure."

Upon the conclusion of the above address the chorus and orchestra, rendered the national hymn *America*, in which the audience joined. As the patriotic air was being sung the original flag of the American Union first displayed by Paul Jones on the "Bon Homme Richard," was unfurled from a window overlooking the space immediately adjoining the platform. Part of the audience cheered while others sang. All eyes being turned to the ancient relic until the hymn was concluded. Upon the conclusion of the singing, and subsidence of the furor of enthusiasm which accompanied it, General Hawley then announced that the President of the United States would send a telegraphic signal for stopping the great Corless engine, and at the same moment would close the Exhibition. President Grant accordingly rose and gave the required signal by a wave of his left hand, accompanying the act with this declaration: "I declare the Centennial International Exhibition of 1876, closed." Simultaneously with the utterance of the offered announcement, it was instantly communicated by telegraph to the exhibitors in Machinery Hall by a system of gong in that building, to exhibitors and visitors generally by gong in the general telegraph office on the grounds, and by an independent wire cabled directly to London. The announcement was made at 3:35 o'clock, and the signal to stop the Corless engine and the machinery in Machinery Hall was the striking of a gong seven times, then six times, or, as the operator briefly expressed it, the signal of '76, all present united in singing the Doxology, the chorus and orchestra joining. As the last echoes died away the vast audience quietly dispersed.

Although the Centennial Exhibition was formally closed to-day, it has been officially announced that the grounds and buildings will be kept open to the public for the next ten days.

The total number of admissions officially reported up to and including Wednesday last was as follows: Live stock exhibition, 90,448; main exhibition, 25cts., 651,983; main exhibition, 50cts., 6,978,532; total, 7,720,983. Estimated cash admissions for Thursday 176,474, making a grand total of 8,004,214. Cash receipts from gate officially reported up to and including Wednesday were \$3,674,884.74.

The daily average attendance was 61,935. The largest attendance on any day was 275,919, which was on the 28th of September. The daily average number of visitors was much larger than at any one of the great Exhibitions at London, Paris or Vienna.

Important Decision.

An exchange says an important decision of interest to all who reside in towns or villages, has recently been made by the courts. A man was indicted for an assault and battery on a neighbor because he claimed the fruit on the branches of the trees overhanging the prosecutor's lot. The court decided that every owner of land is the owner of it from his line upward as far as he desires to make a claim of it. This being the law the prosecutor had the right to the fruit on the branches extending over his lot. He might even have saved them off.

This decision does not seem to us to be a just one, and must discourage people from setting out fruit trees along fences adjoining the highways to their neighbors' premises.

—Rev. James A. Skinner will preach in the Presbyterian church next Sabbath, in the absence of Rev. J. P. Stratton, who, with his wife, expects to leave town to-morrow, for a ten or twelve days' trip to the West.

—Rev. J. T. Hewitt is about to open a stationery store in the Dexter block. He will also do printing for those who wish it. The gentleman used to do considerable in this line in Fulton, and he is heartily welcomed back among his old associates in this business.—*Fulton Times*

PARISH.

The monthly Sunday School concert held last Sunday evening was quite interesting.

The election passed off quietly. The political treachery before election was in substance to vote to gratify revenge and hatred, rather than to support principles. The man who votes merely to revenge or defeat cannot be a good reformer. The choosing the least of two moral evils is not Christlike, but to choose the best of two goods is Godlike.

That lady who made a mistake in getting off the cars at the wrong station on the S. N. R.R., we hope arrived safely at her destination, as well pleased as the Celt is when he returns home to his "green isle of the ocean."

Miss Chesbro closed the primary department of our school last Wednesday, at the hall by public exercises. Miss C. and her pupils did great credit to themselves. Prizes were distributed. The teachers for the winter term are Miss Chesbro, senior department; Mrs. H. D. Nutting, primary; and Miss Martha Petrie, branch school.

Parish, Nov. 11, 1876.

NORTH VOLNEY.

North Volney may be said to live in a nut-shell, not as to space, but as to news that would interest the general public. We have no great business interests, no lyceums, no grog shops, and consequently no rows. We have, with our neighbors, the ordinary visitations of life, general health with some visitations of sickness and the death angel has flapped his dark wings over us and seized his prey, leaving friends in sorrow, reminding all of human mortality.

Frosts, bracing winds and apits of snow warn us that the summer is past and that winter is approaching, and he is wise who puts all things in readiness to meet the approaching cold season. Our winters vary in severity, and as we have no means of foretelling the season, that course is the safest which prepares us for the severe and inclement season in advance.

One of our citizens desiring a day of recreation, seeking to combine profit with pleasure, hied away to the woods on the lake shore for a day's search after nuts, and after an all day's ramble returned home, with a full peck of chestnuts, which he picked up—in a store.

North Volney, Nov. 13, 1876.

Important to School Trustees and Teachers.

The following decision, reported in the Albany Law Journal of last week, will prove of interest to school trustees and teachers: "A school trustee is not limited in hiring a teacher to the time covered by his own official term, but may under the statute (Laws of 1864, chapter 555,) contract for a long period, and bind his successor thereby. Wait vs. Ray, sole trustees, etc. Opinion by Earl J. A sole trustee, whose term of office expired in October, in March preceding hired plaintiff to teach for three terms, the second term closing in November, and the third commencing after the vacation succeeding the second. The successor of the trustee refuses to allow plaintiff to teach the other term, and employed another teacher. Held, that plaintiff was entitled to maintain an action for a breach of the contract against the person holding the office of trustee of the district."

Of Interest to Farmers.

An exchange says,

(Republished by request.)
To Jacques Loew, of Vienna, Austria.
AFTER READING THAT HE WAS VISITING IN AMERICA.

Welcome! thrice welcome to our favored land,
Illustrious stranger, through whose ears no sound,
However sweet or thrilling, loud or grand,
Enters to break the silence, most profound,
In which thy mind has dwelt through all the years
It has been capable of hopes and fears.

Thrice welcome thou, whose lips could form no speech,
Until the will, the brave, ambitious will;
Determined nature it would ever reach
Low at the feet of Difficulty's Hill,
Vowed, nothing daunted by its height I press
Up to the pinnacle of proud success.

Welcome, thrice welcome! as a brilliant proof,
That earnest effort is not thrown away,
That if we rightly prize life's curious way,
And weave our web with care from day to day,
Our rich reward will sometime surely be
A fabric, from defects, wonderfully free.

Welcome as teacher of the sacred truth,
That diligence in business often brings,
Men, even in their days of early youth,
Into the presence of earth's mightiest kings;
Engraved in golden characters their names—
And crowns them with the laurel wreath of fame.

Welcome, great heart, that never seems to own
A brother, though his garb be poor or plain,
That, though it never hears an anguished moan,
Deems it a joy to lessen care and pain,
And prove, when men are bordering on despair,
That God doth kindly hear and answer prayer.

Welcome, and if it please thee, tarry long,
For we have need of spirits such as thine—
To aid us in our struggles against wrong,
And teach us never idly to repine,
Even though we bear a very heavy cross,
And sound low depths of sorrow and of loss.

Welcome! and may the God who guided thee,
Across the pathless ocean to our shore,
Thy Friend, thy Guide, and loving Guardian be,
Giving thee back, redeemed of sin and sin,
Thy bounty; and when life's full span is run,
May angel hosts sing thee His pleased well done.

Illinois, Sept., 1876.

(Republished by request.)
News from the Old World.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—From week to week I am more and more convinced that the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is the best and most progressive of all the deaf-mute papers of the new world, and I think all strangers who come from over the sea coincide with my opinion in that respect. Supposing that the JOURNAL has the widest circulation of any deaf-mute paper in this country, I am pleased to contribute for your worthy paper some interesting intelligence concerning a celebrated deaf-mute, which I have received from over the sea, and which, I have no doubt, will be read with pleasure mingled with sympathy, by many of your readers.

"Hard times" have invaded all European lands, and disaster and panic have followed in their wake. In cities and in villages, in all branches of commerce and industry, stroke upon stroke has come upon the people in the way of financial failure, accompanied by much poverty and misery. Shortly, despair will seize upon all classes of people who are dependent upon capital for employment. It is evident, however, that Europe still continues to be much too good and prosperous a country from which to emigrate.

Among the numerous victims of the hard times is a very prominent, highly respected and intelligent deaf-mute, by the name of Jacques Loew, who failed at a loss of about \$28,000 a few months since. The career of this man is remarkable, and seems almost incredible, and he deserves the sincere sympathy of all deaf-mutes throughout the world.

Jacques Loew was born deaf and dumb in 1849, in Bosowitz, (Moravia) and was educated at the Jewish Deaf-mute Institution in Vienna, the capital of Austria, in which school the science of articulation or lip-reading, received particular attention and was rewarded by marked success. Graduating in 1854, he became employed in Vienna, working in a manufactory of fancy leather goods. After three years of diligent and patient application, he became a skillful workman at his trade. He then traveled extensively from the sunny South of Europe to the high latitudes of the North, and from St. Petersburg to London, for the purpose of self-cultivation and to become more familiar with his business. In 1862, he returned from his wanderings to Vienna, where, with the assistance of his wealthy father, he established a small shop for the manufacture of his goods. By his indefatigable activity, energetic and steady habits and energy, he enlarged his business from time to time, till he was in the possession of a large establishment for the manufacture of carved metals, wood and leather goods, and acquired a wide European reputation and distinction. His business increased so that he employed eighty hands in his shops, and his current expenses were \$1,000 a week.

Mr. Loew felt much sympathy for his unfortunate deaf-mute brethren, and gave employment to many of them in his business, and was greatly beloved by all of them because of his numerous benefits and sacrifices for their welfare. He was a founder and protector of the Vienna Deaf-mute Association, and, through his means and supervision, the society became wealthy, having property worth 7,000 florins, or \$3,000. This was the result of his skillful financial management. He was an honorary member of many charitable and other public societies, to which he occasionally contributed considerable sums of money. The following incident is one illustration of his philanthropy and patriotism:

One day a poor, old officer of the Austrian army came to Vienna from Galicia. Being a stranger and out of money, he was at a loss to know to whom to apply

to obtain assistance. Mr. Loew having inadvertently heard of him, went among his friends, and in a short time collected, including his own contribution, \$250, and presented it to the noble old officer, who could not thank him enough for his kindness.

At the great Paris Exhibition of 1867, the committee of awards gave him a bronze and silver medal, and he was also admitted to the audience of Emperor Napoleon III., receiving high honors and much praise, on account of being a deaf-mute of such distinguished industrial activity. The Emperor of Austria having heard of his being so highly honored by Napoleon, accorded to Mr. Loew a very honorary audience to his presence, and the Premier expressed the great pleasure it gave him to know that he had brought so much honor and credit upon him for his merit the Golden Cross.

At the great Vienna Exhibition of 1873, he received from the committee of awards a medal in honor of his progress in industrial arts, and from the Emperor of Austria another Golden Cross as a mark of esteem of the crown. The "Krath"—the crisis of 1873—came on and the business affairs of Mr. Loew suffered largely from its consequences. His finances also suffered materially by his dishonest book-keeper. At last hard times pressed on him so heavily, that he was compelled to stop his payments, and was obliged to sell his entire establishment to a relative at a loss of \$28,000 in the month of February last. Mr. Loew has now gone to Switzerland in hopes of regaining his health, which the reversion of his fortunes had caused to become greatly shattered.

The name of Jacques Loew will, I hope, always be forgotten by deaf-mutes, and his memory will ever be bright and fresh in the history of educated deaf-mutes, not only on account of his extraordinary industry, but also for their appreciation of his philanthropic deeds.

A GERMAN.

New York, May, 1876.

AN EXTRACT FROM OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE OF SEPT. 14, 1876.

Mr. Loew said he came to this city last June from Vienna. He went immediately to see Mr. Goshen, the Director-General of the Centennial Commission, who was shown by him about his factory at the time of the Vienna Exposition, and knew him by sight. He gave him a complimentary ticket, good from June 30th to Sept. 30th inclusive. A large manufacturer of fancy morocco goods in this city, came to see Mr. Goshen, and told him what kind of ready-made, fancy morocco goods he sought to find of a better grade of goods than his own, but he failed to find any at the Centennial Exposition. Mr. Goshen gave an account of his visit at the Vienna Exposition, and pronounced Mr. Loew to be the best manufacturer of morocco goods. Being informed of his whereabouts in this city, the manufacturer above mentioned ordered him forty dollars a week to superintend the work a year, but he was sharp enough not to sign the agreement. After a long hesitation, Mr. Loew consented to be engaged as long as he can spare the time. I hope you will see him some day before he returns to his home.

A Trip to the Centennial.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Can you oblige me by inserting this article, which may be interesting to some of the readers of the JOURNAL. When I was on my way to the Quaker City I fell in with Mr. George Homer, of Boston. We were shown through the rooms of the school for deaf-mutes on Warren street, which were situated, until recently, at Pemberton Square. We were surprised to see them manifest so much love for the sign language, as the "visible speech" invented by Prof. Graham Bell, is the method of instruction adopted there. You know that it was introduced but a few years since. Yet the system, they have to train them to articulate, has barely escaped from our observation. But as to the simple questions, they were written on the large slates with white crayon by the teacher. The children were very attentive to the signs made by the teacher, which were very characteristic.

I left Boston for New London by rail, having bought an excursion ticket. We went on board a steamboat of the Norwich Line. The morning proved to be foggy, and we had to follow the pilot boat, with two other steamers behind us, when we came to "Hell Gate." There was not anything of interest to note, even seeing a great submarine explosion that occurred there lately. On either side of the channel fashionable dwellings are seen. They look quite romantic. We steamed right away for the Centennial.

I obtained a private boarding house for one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, within five minutes' walk of the Centennial. The gentleman that I board with showed me some parts of the city, and happened to bring me to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Principal Foster has three hundred and ten scholars in charge.

Mr. Hiram P. Hunt was surprised to find me in the parlor as he went there to attend the forenoon service at the chapel, on the 22d of Oct. last. Prof. Pettigall conducted the service. We enjoyed his sermon very much, as it was very appropriate to the beginners. Mr. Hunt used to be a neighbor of mine. He carries on his farm in Gray, Maine. His daughter aged fourteen, and his son ten years old, both delight their parents. We had to part with him, and saw no more of him during our stay there.

I repaired to the Institution again to see Prof. Job Turner. He was astonished to see me there. He introduced me to Mrs. Coulter and Miss Knabe, teachers of the Institution. Before I left the Institution, the ladies had a discussion with Prof. Turner, in reference to "teachers' pensions." They attended

Rev. H. W. Syle's service, and thereby set a good example to their pupils. Mr. Syle's sermon was very practical. He entreated us to come to Christ, and to study how to be saved. A goodly number was present. I am so much pleased to see him thus conduct the solemn service.

And I was at the Sunday-school room in rear of St. Stephen's Church, the following Thursday evening, where they met to attend a business meeting. Some resolutions were passed there, and, if I am not mistaken, a committee of three gentlemen was chosen to attend the business for the ensuing year.

This may be a key-stone to harmony among the deaf-mutes. I think that the election of the officers of any association is a strict nuisance. I should suggest that Boston should profit by the example, as it seems to be a good thing. It would be a good plan for a committee, consisting of five reliable persons, chosen as a permanent body, to take charge of their religious affairs, and meet annually to hear reports and transact business.

Prof. Job Turner was introduced, and delivered an interesting address with reference to his pastoral visits in Maine and towns in other States. Then Mr. A. Carlin came forward and requested his brethren to raise funds, in order to build a chapel for their own use.

During my stay at the Centennial I saw a manual alphabet in a glass case in the Spanish Building. This alphabet was very natural. Now I come to the question in regard to Prof. Bell's visible speech. Is it expedient? What is education? It consists chiefly of two things which I may call the tools of knowledge and knowledge itself. The schools of high or low grades, or rather classifications of good, indifferent or bad character, have always helped to the possession of the tools of knowledge, by teaching to read, write, use figures, and especially to spell with the fingers, which is the main substance of education. I am at a loss to know whether visible speech is of any service.

By way of testing articulation, let us see if the common school, as ordinarily conducted, favors this method of articulation, (I allude to Prof. Bell's system). I doubt if they can learn to articulate to any advantage without the aid of the manual alphabet. Do they learn to articulate in Spain, and in Holland?

Mr. R. M. N. Aris, Sergeant Major of the artillery of Holland furnished me with some books, from which I learn that there is at present one hundred and seventy-nine pupils at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in Groningen, Holland, and this is the only Institution in that country. It was erected in 1790. The children are trained to become clever artisans, but he was not prepared to explain the system that they use. The question is, do they practice the manual alphabet in Holland, and do they in both countries have both the alphabet and the visible speech system in use?

On my return I went to the custom house in the city of New York, and called on Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, and found that he had been employed as clerk there for sixteen years. He is a very clever gentleman. I also saw Mr. Witschiel. He has worked there as a clerk for six years, in another department. We had then a call from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who said that a gentleman offered to sell his place with six acres of land for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. I should advise the committee on observation to purchase a farm of over one hundred acres out into the country, where they may become the inhabitants of a garden like unto Eden.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL ROWE.
West Boxford, Nov. 8, 1876.

What I Know about the Boston Deaf-Mute Associations.

We have frequently heard of "The Boston Deaf and Dumb Christian Association," "The Boston Deaf and Dumb Library Association," "The Boston Deaf-Mute Mission," "The Boston Deaf-Mute Relief Bureau," and "The Boston—." Well, there is no end to these "The Boston—" &c., &c. They always begin with "The Boston—."

What does it mean? It means this and nothing more. A few deaf-mutes, get together and call a meeting. At the meeting they organize into a society. One is elected President, another Secretary, another Treasurer, and several as Board of Managers. This done, they appoint agents who are furnished with subscription books, and these agents, who are allowed forty per cent. of all their collections, go all over the city. Of course, they take good care to apply to only those who are known to be charitable, and the result is they are generally successful in obtaining from \$5 to \$20 from each person applied to. At the end of the week these agents report at headquarters with sums of money collected, ranging from \$50 to \$80, and even more. They pocket forty per cent. of these collections and hand over the balance to the Treasurer of the Association. The President, Secretary and Treasurer, and Board of Managers each present a bill, which is quietly paid and no questions asked. If it is a Christian Association, some one is employed to preach at \$5 a sermon; if it is a Library Association, some cheap books are bought, a few papers subscribed for, a room hired, and the deaf-mutes who congregate there are told to make themselves at home; and if it is a Relief Bureau, the applicants for relief are told that there are no funds in the treasury, &c., &c., and they must seek for relief elsewhere.

I could say more, but I think I have said enough for the present. In closing this article, I think that the reader must have arrived at the same conclusion as myself, and that is—so long as the people of good, old Boston, are willing to be swindled out of their money, there is no use of trying to abolish these Deaf-mute Associations.

POSTED.

Correspondence from Maine.

ELLSWORTH, ME., Oct. 28, 1876.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Some months ago I wrote one or two articles for your papers, but as they never appeared, I suppose you lost or overlooked them. I will now write a few items for your paper, and hope you will find place for them this time.

I have recently been to Providence, R. I., and I have succeeded well on my collecting tour. I met a good many deaf-mutes, and they favor Mr. Swett's plan in establishing the Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, and I believe Mr. Swett is doing good work for his brother unfortunate, and he should be encouraged in his work. I staid in Providence six weeks, and found many gentlemen there who favor Mr. Swett's plan of the Home, as there are quite a number of such homes for hearing people, and I think the deaf-mutes ought to have one of their own where they can work among their own class. In many cases a hearing man has much trouble to make a deaf-mute understand them and often give them their discharge. And it is very difficult for some of them get work elsewhere. In one case I met a deaf-mute who had been out of work for over a year and had not then succeeded in getting a chance to work; he has often walked over 40 miles to look for employment but failed in every case.

The Industrial Home is gaining step by step, and I am confident it will be in operation by the spring of 1877, as we are now well advanced in collecting. Some tell me when the Home is in operation to call on them again and they will give more for the object. I confidently hope Mr. Swett's efforts will be crowned with success. I shall help him all that lies in my power.

After I got through with Providence, I went down to New Bedford, Mass., where I saw Brother Tillingham, an insurance agent; had a good time with him there. He does not oppose the Home plan, but wants to help it some. I succeeded in collecting a good sum there in one week.

After canvassing that place I went to Taunton, Mass., where I met one of your subscribers, a hearing gentleman, who likes your paper very much. From there I returned to my home in Rockland to look after my crops, and get them all housed.

The weather is getting cold here. We always have an early winter in these parts. I called on Mr. Ben. Alden, in Camden, eight miles from my home, and took dinner with him. He had been to the Centennial for two weeks and enjoyed himself immensely, as he informed me. He brought home some relics in the shape of three barrels of carpet tacks at 5 cents a barrel. I should think it time he is married so he can use the tacks on his carpets—his first purchase of household articles. I wish him success in the rest of his purchases.

The champion rat catcher has appeared at last among the deaf-mutes. Albert C. Bowler, of Rockland, Me., succeeded in catching six rats in as many nights in one trap, from Monday till Saturday night, but they refused to be caught on Sunday. It may be they rested on that day. Albert's father is a minister of the gospel; probably he gave a lecture to the master rats to keep quiet, but the next week he caught six more, making twelve in all. The last caught was the largest of them all. It ran into a pair of rubber boots lying in the stable, for protection, but our hero was too quick for it, and pounced down on it with his boot and killed it. It was probably the mother of the whole lot recently caught.

S. H.

The Southern Tier Deaf-Mute Literary Club.

CATHERINE, N. Y., Oct. 9th, 1876.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The Southern Tier Deaf-mute Literary Club met at the parlor of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Opera House, Elmira, on the 3rd inst., at 2 o'clock P. M. It was well attended by deaf-mutes. The meeting was called to order by the Vice President, John Dougherty, of Watkins. In the absence of the President, Alvah Brown, of Waverly, was chosen Chairman.

Another disappointment awaited us, as the Secretary of the club was not at the meeting. J. E. Andrews made some remarks to the club, in reference to the steps that should be taken to secure the future prosperity and welfare of the club. For one thing, the officers should always keep an eye open to the interest of the order, and should bring their official expenses within the ability of the society. He thought that the club should move to Waverly, where it would be attended by from fifty to sixty deaf-mutes from Pennsylvania and New York.

The next meeting of the society will be held in Elmira, next January, at which time new officers will be elected.

JOSE.

Charles O'Brien Vindicated.

The unjust personal which appeared in the JOURNAL of late, asserting that Mr. Charles O'Brien was out of work and could find nothing to do to earn his daily bread, is untrue. It can simply be said that Mr. O'Brien left the shoe factory on his own account, and is recuperating rather than lacking for work.

AGRIPPA.

Brooklyn, Nov., 1876.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY!

Cheiroline,
For the Cure of Chapped Lips and Hands and all Irritation of the Skin.

SUPERIOR TO EVERY OTHER PREPARATION!

IT ALWAYS CURES.

The Central New York Institution.

Our matron has returned from the Centennial, and says she had a good time, which we don't doubt.

One feature of the school hours, which I don't think I have remarked on before, is this: we have no recess. I do not know whether we share this in common with other schools for the deaf and dumb, but am certain of one thing; it works well. A recess, no matter how short, breaks up the smoothness of the session; it relaxes the powers of the mind that need no relaxation so soon, and scatters thought when it should be concentrated. Every teacher knows this, and, while long sessions such as were once in vogue of five hours each, might necessitate the relief the recess gives, short sessions such as ours, three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, are best utilized when unbroken. So far as the writer's experience goes, the effect upon the pupils is very favorable.

Two families, at least, can appreciate this Institution. Both live in the city, one quite near us, and the other some distance away. Every morning the little seven year old of one is driven to school, he dines with us, and the family carriage comes for him at night. When he is older, he will probably use his own legs. The other boy is old enough to walk, and from here he lives only a stone's throw. The parents of this boy were originally residents of this county, but hearing of Northampton, and the articulation school there, took the trouble to move and settle down near the school, entering him as a day pupil. His improvement was not what they had expected, and as soon as this Institution was started, they moved back, and are doubtless glad of the opportunity, for the little fellow is getting on finely, considering that his gifts are not as abundant as some.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1876.

A Few Words of Advice to Deaf-Mutes.

NO. III.

No man ever uttered a greater truth than he who said, "We never learn to fully appreciate a thing until after we have lost it." I don't know as these are the exact words of the saying, but I am sure it was something to the same effect. Having shown, in a measure, how difficult it is to obtain a good situation and how few obtain one, I would earnestly urge upon all deaf-mutes, the wisdom of retaining your positions as long as possible, by making yourselves indispensable to your employers, and never to abandon your present positions, unless you are sure of bettering yourself; i. e., getting a better situation.

But should you, at any time, no matter what the cause may be, lose your situation, you should take it quietly. The reason of this is obvious, for if you have been indiscreet, you should look upon your removal as a just punishment; if were you not qualified for the position, by reason of your deafness, you should reflect that it could not have been helped; and if you are removed from no just cause, but rather because your enemies have circulated base fabrications concerning you, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that truth like "murder will out" in due course of time, and then you will be fully vindicated and you will stand higher in the estimation of your fellow-men than ever before. In any case, however, resolve to do what is right, and then go ahead. We, none of us, have any right to expect smooth sailing always upon the ocean of life. We must, all of us, expect to encounter storms before we can hope to anchor in a haven of rest, when life's fitful fever is over.

Deaf-mutes, as a general rule, are too apt to get discouraged when they happen to either lose their situation or fail to obtain employment. They begin to lose all confidence in themselves and imagine that there is nothing which they can do, and no way in which they can be useful either to themselves or to their fellow-men. This is neither wise nor manly. We should always endeavor to rise above our difficulties and not let them rise above and triumph over us.

I will conclude this article by saying: Never lose heart in looking for employment, and once having obtained it stick to it and remember that it is not what you earn but what you save, that makes all the difference in the end.

WAT TYLEE.

Cat and Dog.

THE RESULT OF A HEARING AND SPEAKING SPOUSE.

James O'Donoghue, a foreigner by birth but a deaf and dumb man by "nature," residing in "Irish Town"—so called on account of its Irish population—at No. 32 Ely street, complained to Captain Crafts of the Fourth Precinct, that his wife Bridget, who was also a pure blood of the Green Isle, had threatened to "knife" him as soon as she got him to sleep. According to his story, as told to the captain, the pair have led a regular "cat and dog life," and James represented his wife as being a very pugilistically inclined female. He said that unless she was arrested he could not venture to go to bed, and would be compelled to keep awake all night to prevent her carrying her threats out. The captain told James to at once swear out a warrant for the arrest of his spouse, which was done, and immediately served on her. When taken before a magistrate the next day, she denied the threat, and gave a very different version of their affairs from that given by her husband. The evidence not being strong enough to convict her, the magistrate, after giving her a lecture, set her at liberty, remarking that if the same complaint was made again, he would be compelled to convict her.

James is of the Iberian type, and has resided in Brooklyn three years. From

a conversation with him, we found that he had never had a blissful hour since his "union" with Bridget, and no blessings had been sent unto them.

AGRIPPA.

Brooklyn, Nov., 1876.

The Empty Sack.

A correspondent tells us that when he left his Institution, it was with a "heavy sack of bright promises and sweet words" on his back; but that after plodding around for three years, he bethought himself to examine this sack and was "surprised to find it empty."

The surprise may have been an astonishment, but I hardly think it was. Persons who plod around for three years with such duvet filled sacks, metaphorical or otherwise, hardly feel like wondering at the extreme emptiness that time divulges. If it is any consolation to the correspondent, I will tell him that he is not the only discoverer of the emptiness of supposed well filled sacks. Promises of this sort are very cheap, the only qualification is the contentment to receive, then they are lavishly given, and the correspondent has plenty of company in his misery.

Seldom, if ever, does the deaf-mute learn what real life is, till he is outside his Institution, and in it etchings, original or prepared for him in Institution, and ante-world-life days, fade away to the last penning even, and everything sternly real, is all before him, without the poor consolation of where to choose.

The State is very generous, and board, tuition, books and oft-times clothes, never cost him a thought. If, in addition to this, he is petted, privileged, and a career, which few out of many ever attain is, if not actually, certainly tacitly promised him, his delusion is complete, and a chance friendly but less influential warning, is indignantly frowned down. While shops and trades tempt us as well as the average in such things, open daily before him, he rarely or never enters them, and is looked upon with more or less envy by his plodding companions, who, if they are apt at their particular industry, generally live to see or hear of his plodding in after years. Undoubtedly he has power of comprehension and application, and possible latent skill, which, while insufficient, because of the difference in quality to make him a first-class teacher or clerk, will be sure to turn out a superior shoemaker or something else akin.

Suddenly graduation day dawns. It is the beginning of the end. A private confab with the power supposed to be, results in everything unwelcome. "There is no opening just now." "Of course shall be happy to remember you, but how on earth is a body to tell till next year commences." "Think there is some chance over at Mr. So and So's." And so the *ceteris* run. Nothing now, but plenty by and by, fills the sack—the metaphorical sack, which exploding in after time, is found to contain what there was in it at the beginning—nothing.

If only the correspondent of sack renown, and all like him, could go back to school once more, carrying their present knowledge with them, they would feel as if they knew a thing or two. Ambition, then, would have its limits, at least in direction.

But everything has its use, whether we come into the knowledge intuitively, or at distant intervals. The force of the "sack of bright promises and sweet words," will leave the way clear for the development of those manly traits, harbingers of future success—those traits ought to have been attended to in Institution days, but were not.

MAX.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

New York, Nov. 11, 1876.

Political excitement is still so great that everything else is at a dead-lock. There is a feeling of suppressed passion in the air like the heavy stillness that precedes the crashing, devastating storm. It may pass over and leave no trace behind, and it may break in all its fury. Such is the impression the political atmosphere of New York leaves. Never before did party feeling run so high. Grant's manifesto is in every mouth. "It means protection," says the Republican. "It means intimidation," says the Democrat.

The crowds in the pool-rooms have been so great, and the situation so hazardous, that both Morrissey and Johnson have published cards saying they will sell no more pools on the election. The "Turk, Field and Farm" rooms have been equally crowded, but as yet I have not heard that its proprietor has followed the example of the others.

Morrissey is reported to be holding between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 of money staked on the election, and it is said that he not only refuses to take any more bets, but has also said, in case Hayes is elected, he will pay none, but will refund the money.

The scenes around the newspaper offices have been both exciting and amusing. Passing by the Evening Post building, the Hayes man would grab his Democratic brother by the sleeve and enthusiastically exclaim, "There! see there! Florida gone for Hayes, sure!" Forcing their way through the crowd, the Herald's bulletin would next appear in two columns, one about as enlightening as the other. Both would commence to exult here, but would finally conclude that the Herald was still on the fence, and proceed. The Express follows, and the Democrat says, "All up with you, my friend; let's take a drink." The Republican thinks there's a place further on that will do better, and they proceed. The next bulletin is the Evening Mail. Hayes again in the ascendant, with a side remark that "The report that Tweed had captured the Franklin and turned pirate was not believed in official circles."

Another "Hoop la!" from the Republican and a laugh at the side issue, when the friend points to the World card opposite. Another change of countenance. The two would make an admirable study for the funny and the lugubrious man on an advertising card. Still a little farther and the Times is reached. Nothing but a blank board. An enthusiastic individual rushes in with the request, "Come, shove up something, can't you; we haven't had a howl for half an hour," and the Times shortly after proceeds to announce Hayes elected. Again our Republican grins, and when the Tribune adds its quota he fairly dances a fandango on his friend's sorest corn. He wants to stop there, but the Democrat is not to be trod on unavenged, so he drags him in front of the Sun office. "Good gracious! Look at that! Overwhelming majority for Tilden. That winds the matter up, but for once the old saying about men in general holds good in politics—

"Convince a man against his will, He's of the same opinion still."

So our friends think. They read the bulletin boards backwards again to the commencement, and finally think they will take that drink and go home. They do the first, but not the last. Each picks out his particular board and stands opposite it, reading the news that pleases him best. But my letter bids fair to be purely political. My only excuse must be that it is in the air and it is catching.

During this political excitement the Centennial has been closed by the de facto President, without attracting the least notice. It has only been especially observable to some of us, who, in cars or on ferries, have met the bedraggled, worn-out crowd, returning with their purchases which they stayed behind to get. Such an array as they brought. Mrs. Partington came laden with objects of "bigotry and virtue." Miss McFlimsy principally indulged in Japanese goods and jewelry, while vases, statuettes, glassware and knick-knacks of all sorts, were carried by the general crowd. With all kinds of unwieldy budgees in one hand, and the big, black traveling-bag in the other, they, one and all, both great and small, big and little, short and tall, have all that they could possibly stagger under, and an unfortunate carom of one individual against another, especially when the boat has struck against the dock with a decided emphasis, has frequently shattered some article, bought months before, and intended to have been kept as a Centennial idol, with the mantle-piece for a shrine, in the best room with the horse-hair furniture.

Since the collapse of the Continental Life Insurance Company, certain unscrupulous raiders and wreckers have been raising a scare in the ranks of the policy holders of the United States Life. Their attempts have been, however, determinedly frustrated, and now the boot is on the other leg and the U. S. is after the pirates with a sharp stick. It is gratifying to know that this old conservative company has got nearly a million hard cash surplus over all liabilities.

At last there is some hope that we shall not suffer from water famine after all. The subject was becoming serious, for plumbing in city houses, of course, means one or more open sewers in all such houses. With the deficient water supply, the noxious gases of course were penetrating the houses, and had the trouble continued much longer, there is little doubt but typhoid fever in its worst form would have appeared in our midst. That the recent rain has prevented, and we feel like singing psalms of praise to Neptune, Old Probabilities, or River-god Croton himself.

Even fashion halts for a season, and we are waiting to know whether it shall be the Tilden Hat or the Hayes bonnet that shall surround the much frizzed locks of our fashionable belles. A combination of the two has been suggested as politic and appropriate for the present state of affairs.

News of the Week.

Specie to the value of £84,000 was withdrawn from the Bank of England, Monday, for shipment to the United States.

The rumor of a proposed Fenian raid on Canada from Vermont is either not credited at Ottawa, or is thought to be greatly exaggerated. The Toronto Globe says, if the Fenians should again come into Canada, they may expect no quarter.

On Saturday, Mr. N. S. Parsons, foreman in the plate and buckle shop, in Auburn prison, was assaulted by one or two convicts. He defended himself with his revolver, when other convicts came to the assistance of the assailants. Another convict and the keeper of the shop came to the rescue and the affair was quelled, though not until Mr. Parsons had been cut in the arm.

Thomas G. Alvord, of Syracuse, announces himself as a candidate for speaker of the Assembly.

The Emperor of Russia has made an important speech at Moscow, declaring in effect that he will declare war in case Turkey refuses the guarantees he will demand.

The principal business block of Perth Amboy, N. J., was burned, Saturday, with a loss of \$100,000.

The German pavilion has been formally presented to the city of Philadelphia.

Turks are forming great armies at Erzerum and Shumla to resist a Russian invasion.

Francis D. Moulton's suit against Mr. Beecher was discontinued at the plaintiff's request.

Both Republicans and Democrats still claim South Carolina,

A Trying Situation.

Mr. Bilderback, we feel authorized to state, says the Burlington Hawkeye, will not attend divine service this morning. The old gentleman is, we are pained to learn, laboring under a very distressing frame of mind, being greatly incensed against churches on general principles. He doesn't like to talk about this matter, but we learned all about it, despite his reticence.

It seems that last Sunday morning he was dozing comfortably in his pew, in the church of which he is one of the main sleepers, when he became aware of an apparition gliding solemnly down the aisle with a collection basket in his hand. Mr. Bilderback braced up into an erect position, cleared his throat in a ponderous tone of Roman firmness, as one who would say, "Who's been asleep?" and, as the basket was extended toward him, he felt in his trousers for his wallet. It wasn't there, and, as he withdrew his hand and felt in his other pocket, he felt that the eyes of the whole congregation were upon him, and that was all he felt, for he certainly did not feel any pocket-book. He nodded to the basket man to wait a second, and leaned over to the left while he felt in the right inside pocket of his coat, from which, in his increasing nervousness, he drew half a dozen chestnuts, which rolled over the floor with a rattle that sounded in his ears like the thunder of the Apocalypse, and made them hotter still. Then he leaned over the other side of the pew and felt in the other side pocket, and drew out a bundle of letters, a lot of postal cards, a circus ticket, a photograph of an actress, a funny story printed on a card, a pocket comb, and a long string, and his face grew so hot his breath felt like a hot air blast. Then he squared his elbow and went for his vest pockets, and drew the few cushions with quill tooth-picks, newspaper scraps, street car tickets, a shoe button, some lead pencil stubs, and crumbling indications of chewing tobacco, a bit of sealing-wax, a piece of licorice root about an inch long, and three or four troches. Then he leaned forward, and, stung to madness by the smiles which were breaking out all around the church worse than the measles in a primary schoolroom, dived into his coat-tail pockets, and drew forth a red silk handkerchief, two apples, a spectacle-case, a pair of dog-skin gloves, an overcoat button, and a fine assortment of bits of dried orange peel and lint. Then he stood up, devoutly praying that an earthquake might come and swallow up either him or the rest of the congregation, he didn't much care which, and went down into his hip pockets, from which he evolved a revolver, a cork-screw, a cigar case, a piece of string, a memorandum-book and a pocket-knife.

By this time Mr. Bilderback's face was scarlet as nervous in his waist, and he was so clear down and worked up that he nearly worked his clothes off, while the man with the basket couldn't have moved away if he had died for staying. And when Mr. Bilderback, in forlorn despair, once more rammed his hand into the trousers pocket where he began the search, the congregation held its breath, and when Mr. Bilderback drew forth the very pocket-book which he had missed in his first careless search, and had since all but stripped himself to find, there was a sigh of relief went up from every devout heart in that house. But Mr. Bilderback only dropped into his seat with an abruptness that made the windows rattle and registered a mental vow that he wasn't going to come out to church again to be made a fool of by a man with a long-handled basket.

A Minister Buys a Parrot.
A parrot was sold at auction in San Francisco a few days ago. A laughing hyena brought \$5, and a big elephant \$4,000. The auctioneer made a great hit with the parrot. "Now, gents, here is one of the finest parrots on the American continent, swears like a Barbary Coast pirate, knows the whole first Testament, and can sing the 'Tra la-loo like Jenny Lind. How much 'n offered?" Five cents! Guess you don't know what's buyin', gents. Ten, do I hear it? He talks better'n some of our Congressmen. Two bits 'n offered; why, gents, he knows Tennyson all by heart, and'll outswear any man in the crowd; just the thing for the children; 'n only two bits bid." Here he stopped to take breath and look reproachfully upon the crowd. The accomplished bird was finally knocked down to a Methodist preacher who came in just in time to hear that the parrot could sing all of Watt's hymns. The old gentleman started out highly elated with his prize; but when the disreputable bird told him to pull down his vest and go to—not to heaven—he went back to the auctioneer and wanted to swap for a camel or something that didn't talk.

Rising in the World.
Experience continually contradicts the notion that a poor man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men, we find that nearly all of them began life with little or nothing. To any one familiar with the millionaires of the United States, a score of examples will occur. On the other hand, the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.

Utilizing a Husband.
"Your husband is sick a good sight of late, isn't he?" remarked a southern Illinois woman to another.
"Yes," answered his wife, "he's got tuk down mighty hard with them 'ere ager shakes agin."
"I should think it 'ud be sorter distressin' like ter have him 'round the house," remarked the other, sympathizingly, "spec'ly when yer at housecleanin'."
"Wal, so it wud be," replied the wife, in self-consoling tones, "but when he's got into one of his chills, and I want the rag carpet shuk, yer see he's a powerful smart man ter hitch onto it."
Then the woman wended her way home, envying her neighbor the knack she had of utilizing her husband.

Ladies' Sacques.
LADIES! Please take notice that we now have on hand Ladies' Sacques of the new fall styles, and are prepared to manufacture Sacques and Cloaks of the latest patterns. We have a good assortment of plain and fur beaver, Drap-de-ete and Cashmeres, and the trimmings suitable to the times. We can cut your sacques in any style you may wish, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in style and workmanship. With years of experience we feel confident that we can give our customers all the information they will want in regard to styles of cut, trimming, &c.
We have had a good deal of experience in cutting over old garments, and will give information free.
While in New York and Philadelphia we informed ourselves as to the most fashionable and practical leading styles, and would invite your careful inspection before purchasing, and believe we can make it to your interest to do so.
STONE, ROBINSON & CO.
Oct. 25, 1876. 52

Mexico Tent of Independent Rechabites.
At the regular meeting of Mexico Tent National Order of Independent Rechabites on Tuesday evening, Nov. 7th, the following officers were elected and installed:
Past Chief Ruler—G. W. Baker.
Shepherd—A. Benedict.
Chief Ruler—J. A. Rickard.
Deputy Ruler—Jesse Burdick.
Recording Secretary—J. B. Stone.
Financial Secretary—John King.
Treasurer—Lewis Miller.
Levite—H. C. Plumley.
Inside Guard—John Gass.
Outside Guard—W. Gustin.
Supporters to C. R.—E. W. Robinson, F. Consens.
Supporters to D. R.—L. Riley, P. McKindley.
—Benz & Dain's furniture store, in Oswego, was destroyed by fire on Monday. Loss, \$18,000. Insurance, \$13,000.

Don't Show Pictures.

One of the Syracuse editors was out calling a few evening since, and by way of amusement he took a number of pictures out of his pocket for the young lady he was conversing with, to examine. He first showed her a picture of young Adams, the rail ripper, and without knowing who it represented, she said she thought it was a very bad face. He next handed her a picture of Lindsay and without recognizing the murderer, she said the features were very bad and really looked like a man who had killed somebody sometime; he next handed her a picture of himself, and the light being low, she failed to observe that it was a face well known to her, and remarked that this was the hardest looking, the most dangerous appearing face of any she had seen, and eagerly inquired who it was. The gentleman took his hat, his picture and his friends advice and walked into the hall.—*Watertown Times.*

"Daniel Deronda."
This new book by George Eliot, the famous author of "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," etc., has created a profound sensation in the literary world. It is truly a noble work,—the fullest and broadest expression that the spirit of this age has found in literature, and George Eliot will probably be considered by posterity the greatest, certainly the broadest, writer of our generation. A nobler character than "Deronda" modern literature has not produced.

The Boston Journal pronounces Daniel Deronda "the literary event of the year." The London Globe calls it "an event in the history of literature." The Christian Intelligencer: "The story is profoundly absorbing." Scribner's Monthly says: "There are books which can only be measured by the largest standard, and such a work is George Eliot's new novel, Daniel Deronda."

The publishers of the popular, "Lake-side Library" editions of standard authors have issued a cheap edition of "Daniel Deronda," complete in two volumes, unabridged and unaltered, price, only 20 cents each, by mail 25 cents. Sold by all Newsdealers, or sent post-paid by DONNELLY, LLOYD & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

Prospects of the Midland.
The Cooperstown Journal notes improvement in Midland management and prospects as follows: "For more than a year the Midland Railroad receivers have paid their employees four times a month, a system which gives great satisfaction to the employees and to the merchants along the line. Instead of owing their men from six weeks to three months' pay, as is the custom with railroads generally, and compelling them to beg for credit in order to sustain life and pay such prices as a credit system always imposes, they never owe more than ten days' pay. The consequence is perfect discipline, and efficiency in all its departments. They have also a habit of paying their bills for the lost and damaged freight at once, as soon as ascertained, instead of surrounding claimants with a mass of red tape and delaying payments for several months, until they despair of obtaining any satisfaction. Shippers like this method, and those who have been using the road are well satisfied with the care in handling freight, promptness in delivery, and general good discipline and management, that they show; no disposition to change, and the numbers are increasing daily. In fact, the Midland railroad, while its competitors appear to be getting deeper into trouble, seems to have struck bottom, and gradually working its way up."

Death of Major-General Giles A. Smith.
Major-General Giles A. Smith, died at Bloomington, Ill., on Sunday last. General Smith was born in this town, and was a brother of L. D. Smith, Esq. He was a distinguished General in the southwestern army during the war, and after its close, was appointed Second Assistant Postmaster-General. He removed from this State, to Bloomington, Ill., in 1856, and engaged in the dry goods trade, becoming also proprietor of the Ashley House in that city. At the call to arms in 1861, Gen. Smith promptly organized a company in Bloomington, and joined the 8th Missouri Volunteers, commanded by his brother, the late Gen. Morgan L. Smith. He served under Gen. Sherman, and took part in all the principal battles in which his commander was engaged. He participated in the investment and capture of Vicksburg and had a leading part in the Atlanta campaign. Gen. Smith was brave, energetic and persevering. He was wounded in storming a redoubt before Vicksburg, and also at Look-out Mountain, but he always returned with unabated ardor to his military duties. His wife and one child survive him.

Housekeepers Take Notice.
Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.85; Spring, \$1.80.
Kerosene Oil, 30 cts per gallon.
One Dollar Tea, 70 cts per lb.
Salt, \$1.45 & \$1.50.
50lb. Butter Tubs, 28 cents.
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cts & gal.
The poor can have cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON.
Washington St., Mexico.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

BUY PIRRUNG'S Scrubbing Machine
OF
Goit & Castle.
This Mop cleans the floor and takes up all the dirt water into a box, without kneeling, stooping or wetting the hands. It differs from the Rubber Mop in having a box to receive and hold the dirty water until emptied, and is the only machine in the world which possesses that advantage.
NO CLOTH IS NEEDED.
With it one person can do more work and do it better, than five can with any other Mop.
Every Family Needs One.
Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels will not be without them, and buy them by the Dozen. It is made of the very best material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard work than a Clothes Wringer, that costs from \$5 to \$8. Price, \$2.00 each.
For sale by
GOIT & CASTLE.
Mexico, June 6, 1876.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
---For 1876---
"THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER"
The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.
The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT
so acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.
This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsy paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive
In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS
Of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal:
One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50
One copy six months, 75
Clubs of ten, 1.25
These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.
Address,
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted
12 Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co. Agents, Maine. 10-ly

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 10-ly

ORDER OF DEAM RELIGION
CREATION LAW SCIENCE
THE SIX NEW WORKS
OF
P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I—Order of Creation. (Chart, 2000).
II—**Arms of Nature Revealed.**
Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axes of Creation, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00
III—**Circle of Religion & Science.** (Chart 2000).
IV—**Landscapes of History.**
Based on Circles, Twelve Axes of History, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00
V—**Rational Dream Book.**
VI—**Inner Life Night Thoughts.**
Based on Ten Propositions, a new and universal language, &c. Bound in two vols., \$1.50
Ten per cent. off in Mexico.
These great works should be in the hands of all who wish to possess the most advanced and rational ideas of Creation, History and Dreamland.
M. A. EMERY & SON, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILLS.
Send Stamp for Pamphlet-Circulars, &c.
The Works mailed free on receipt of Price.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Sample worth \$1 free. SPRINGFIELD, Portland, Maine. 10-ly

Mexico Academy.

Fall Term
OPENS
Tuesday, Aug. 29
Special facilities are afforded for instruction in all the branches taught in the best institutions of this grade.
For rooms, circulars, &c., apply to
[CHAS. E. HAVENS, Principal.
Or LEWIS MILLER, Mexico, June 26, 1876.

Continental Concert.

This Concert, under the direction of Mr. Lewis Miller, was given according to final appointment in the M. E. Church, in this village, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week. Though preparations for it began in the spring, it was deferred to give place to the Academy Semi-Centennial, deferred again in order to allow Mr. Miller's attendance at the Centennial in Philadelphia, and deferred still again in order to perfect the drill of Band and full chorus. The concert cost a great deal of training, and we have never attended a performance which showed better results. Over one hundred persons took part in it, one-third of whom were children. The program was carried out in every regard. The preparations were complete, and we did not notice the slightest failure in any part. Mrs. E. N. Whitney presided at the piano with her accustomed grace and ability. The concert consisted of six choruses, in which the Helicon Band joined, and fourteen other pieces, including solos, duets, quartettes, choruses, one children's chorus and a quartette of little girls. The music had been selected with great care and formed a very fine variety. Most of it was of a centennial character, yet a number were otherwise to avoid a tedious sameness. Every person acquitted himself or herself creditably, while many of the performances were of very special merit.

The concluding Part III was a colloquy entitled, "England and America," and consisted of personations of King George for England, 1776, Geo. Washington for America, 1776, Jonathan, Old Father Time, Peace, Goddess of Liberty, Victoria for England, 1876, the original thirteen States, the States since admitted to the Union, and the territories. The costume of each was very fine and appropriate. The colloquy was a most fitting thing for the occasion, though not of a musical character, and was most admirably performed in every part.

The Band acquitted themselves with great credit, both in front of the church before the concert began, in their separate performance in the church, and in the choruses in which they joined. Mexico may well be proud of its band.

Notice.
We wish to call the attention of customers again to the former notice, published three weeks since, in relation to settling all debts due us. We do as near a cash business as we can, and it is our custom to close our books every 10 days. We cannot deviate from this rule, and will be obliged to collect such debts as are unpaid after Dec. 1. We find our trade continually increasing by adopting this plan, and all good, cash customers (and we desire to retain their patronage) will understand and appreciate this plan we adopt to sell cheap for cash.

2-2 COBB BROS.

MEXICO MARKETS.
RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spec \$7.50, red \$7.75, white \$8.50
Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail) 0.00 @ 1.30
Shorts, 1/2 ton, 1.16
Shipplings, 1/2 ton, 1.18
Middlings, 1/2 ton, 1.22
Corn, 65
Oats, 35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:
Butter, 20 @ 27
Loose Butter, 20 @ 24
Cheese, 9 @ 13
Lard, 15
Eggs, 1/2 doz., 22
Beef, 1/2 lb., 05 @ 12
Mutton, 1/2 cwt., \$6 @ \$7
Pork, 1/2 barrel, re. ad., \$6 @ \$7
Pork, 1/2 cwt., \$6 @ \$7
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb., 05
Ham, 1/2 lb., 14
Dressed Poultry, 1/2 8 @ 10
Potatoes, 1/2 bush., 60
Feed Hides, per lb. 5

Housekeepers Take Notice.
Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.85; Spring, \$1.80.
Kerosene Oil, 30 cts per gallon.
One Dollar Tea, 70 cts per lb.
Salt, \$1.45 & \$1.50.
50lb. Butter Tubs, 28 cents.
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cts & gal.
The poor can have cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON.
Washington St., Mexico.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

BUY PIRRUNG'S Scrubbing Machine
OF
Goit & Castle.
This Mop cleans the floor and takes up all the dirt water into a box, without kneeling, stooping or wetting the hands. It differs from the Rubber Mop in having a box to receive and hold the dirty water until emptied, and is the only machine in the world which possesses that advantage.
NO CLOTH IS NEEDED.
With it one person can do more work and do it better, than five can with any other Mop.
Every Family Needs One.
Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels will not be without them, and buy them by the Dozen. It is made of the very best material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard work than a Clothes Wringer, that costs from \$5 to \$8. Price, \$2.00 each.
For sale by
GOIT & CASTLE.
Mexico, June 6, 1876.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
---For 1876---
"THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER"
The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.
The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT
so acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.
This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsy paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive
In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS
Of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal:
One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50
One copy six months, 75
Clubs of ten, 1.25
These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.
Address,
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted
12 Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co. Agents, Maine. 10-ly

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 10-ly

ORDER OF DEAM RELIGION
CREATION LAW SCIENCE
THE SIX NEW WORKS
OF
P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I—Order of Creation. (Chart, 2000).
II—**Arms of Nature Revealed.**
Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axes of Creation, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00
III—**Circle of Religion & Science.** (Chart 2000).
IV—**Landscapes of History.**
Based on Circles, Twelve Axes of History, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00
V—**Rational Dream Book.**
VI—**Inner Life Night Thoughts.**
Based on Ten Propositions, a new and universal language, &c. Bound in two vols., \$1.50
Ten per cent. off in Mexico.
These great works should be in the hands of all who wish to possess the most advanced and rational ideas of Creation, History and Dreamland.
M. A. EMERY & SON, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILLS.
Send Stamp for Pamphlet-Circulars, &c.
The Works mailed free on receipt of Price.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Sample worth \$1 free. SPRINGFIELD, Portland, Maine. 10-ly

Mexico Academy.

Fall Term
OPENS
Tuesday, Aug. 29
Special facilities are afforded for instruction in all the branches taught in the best institutions of this grade.
For rooms, circulars, &c., apply to
[CHAS. E. HAVENS, Principal.
Or LEWIS MILLER, Mexico, June 26, 1876.

Real Estate Sales.

Sarah E. Reynolds to Lewis Tabor, land in Palermo, \$170. Sept., 1876.
Eben P. Everts to Warren Everts, land in Mexico, \$100. December, 1874.
Leonard Thorp to Jacob Lampman, land in Albion, \$1. September, 1875.
Garrett Widrick, et al., to Barton Pratt, lot in Mexico, \$12,000. October, 1876.
Barton Pratt to Clarissa M. Cole, land in Hastings, \$3,550. October, 1876.
Barton Pratt to Elizabeth Widrick, land in Hastings, \$3,550. October, 1876.
Asa Beebe, et al., to Timothy W. Skinner, lot in Mexico, \$300. July, 1876.
Russell Burlingham to Isaac V. Byington, land in Mexico, \$1. July, 1876.
Wm. M. Calvert to Adolph S. Peter, land in Hastings, \$2,400. December, 1875.
Frank J. Hollis to Don A. King, land in Richland, \$800. October, 1874.
Charles H. Edick to Daniel Edick, land in Parish, \$400. August, 1869.

"Beautifies the Complexion," etc.
There is a medicine that cures Biliousness, Bad Breath, Headache, Dyspepsia, Deranged Stomach and Bowels, Jaundice, Nervousness, Scrofula, Sleeplessness, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the face, Moths, all skin and blood diseases, and beautifies the complexion.
It causes the liver to throw off its bile. It cleans out the entire Alimentary Canal and rids it of worms and other vermin that inhabit an unhealthy stomach and bowels.
It completely cleanses and purifies the Blood and at the same time strengthens and heals the stomach, Nervous system, Heart, Lungs, Kidneys, and all other tissues.
It causes the head to become clear and the patient energetic for business when dull or indisposed from biliousness or impure blood. It cleanses and produces appetite, strength and vigor. It does all these things with certainty, by acting upon the causes of disease, removing all humors and impurities from the blood and toning up the stomach, liver, bowels, nervous system, heart and lungs. It is pleasant to take also, and its effects on the system are warming and every way agreeable. Its name is Dr. Fenners' Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic.
Manufactured by Dr. M. M. Fenners, Fredonia, N. Y.

Farmers and others, please remember that you can find a superior lot of Horse Blankets at J. T. Brown's Harness Shop, and that he is bound to sell them very cheap—cheaper than ever before; and he wants you to call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere

MEXICO MARKETS.
RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spec \$7.50, red \$7.75, white \$8.50
Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail) 0.00 @ 1.30
Shorts, 1/2 ton, 1.16
Shipplings, 1/2 ton, 1.18
Middlings, 1/2 ton, 1.22
Corn, 65
Oats, 35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:
Butter, 20 @ 27
Loose Butter, 20 @ 24
Cheese, 9 @ 13
Lard, 15
Eggs, 1/2 doz., 22
Beef, 1/2 lb., 05 @ 12
Mutton, 1/2 cwt., \$6 @ \$7
Pork, 1/2 barrel, re. ad., \$6 @ \$7
Pork, 1/2 cwt., \$6 @ \$7
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb., 05
Ham, 1/2 lb., 14
Dressed Poultry, 1/2 8 @ 10
Potatoes, 1/2 bush., 60
Feed Hides, per lb. 5

Housekeepers Take Notice.
Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.85; Spring, \$1.80.
Kerosene Oil, 30 cts per gallon.
One Dollar Tea, 70 cts per lb.
Salt, \$1.45 & \$1.50.
50lb. Butter Tubs, 28 cents.
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cts & gal.
The poor can have cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON.
Washington St., Mexico.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

BUY PIRRUNG'S Scrubbing Machine
OF
Goit & Castle.
This Mop cleans the floor and takes up all the dirt water into a box, without kneeling, stooping or wetting the hands. It differs from the Rubber Mop in having a box to receive and hold the dirty water until emptied, and is the only machine in the world which possesses that advantage.
NO CLOTH IS NEEDED.
With it one person can do more work and do it better, than five can with any other Mop.
Every Family Needs One.
Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels will not be without them, and buy them by the Dozen. It is made of the very best material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard work than a Clothes Wringer, that costs from \$5 to \$8. Price, \$2.00 each.
For sale by
GOIT & CASTLE.
Mexico, June 6, 1876.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
---For 1876---
"THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER"
The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.
The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT
so acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.
This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsy paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive
In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS
Of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal:
One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50
One copy six months, 75
Clubs of ten, 1.25
These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.
Address,
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted
12 Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co. Agents, Maine. 10-ly

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 10-ly

ORDER OF DEAM RELIGION
CREATION LAW SCIENCE
THE SIX NEW WORKS
OF
P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I—Order of Creation. (Chart, 2000).
II—**Arms of Nature Revealed.**
Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axes of Creation, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00
III—**Circle of Religion & Science.** (Chart 2000).
IV—**Landscapes of History.**
Based on Circles, Twelve Axes of History, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$3.00
V—**Rational Dream Book.**
VI—**Inner Life Night Thoughts.**
Based on Ten Propositions, a new and universal language, &c. Bound in two vols., \$1.50
Ten per cent. off in Mexico.
These great works should be in the hands of all who wish to possess the most advanced and rational ideas of Creation, History and Dreamland.
M. A. EMERY & SON, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILLS.
Send Stamp for Pamphlet-Circulars, &c.
The Works mailed free on receipt of Price.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Sample worth \$1 free. SPRINGFIELD, Portland, Maine. 10-ly

Mexico Academy.

Fall Term
OPENS
Tuesday, Aug. 29
Special facilities are afforded for instruction in all the branches taught in the best institutions of this grade.
For rooms, circulars, &c., apply to
[CHAS. E. HAVENS, Principal.
Or LEWIS MILLER, Mexico, June 26, 1876.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

---For 1876---
"THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER"
The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.
The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT
so acceptable to our